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ITALY.

THE rabble, everywhere the practical enemies of freedom, have compromised the cause of Italy by an atrocious crime at Parma. The murder of Count ANVITI resembles in all its circumstances the scenes which have too often occurred during French and Spanish revolutions. The useless animal ferocity which vents itself in brutal massacre, offers the same facilities to tyranny at Parma as at Paris. The murder of FOULON, and the institution of the *lanterne*, undermined at their foundation the broadest institutions of 1789. Four or five years of the hateful and bloody domination of the mob have resulted, after seventy years, in the establishment of a military despotism. The same chaotic elements require compression in Italy until they can be eliminated by the organic influence of civilized Government; and it is unfortunate that an eruption should have taken place at a time when the blame must partly fall on the national authorities. It must be remembered that this is not the first political assassination at Parma, although it is the most revolting in its circumstances. Count ANVITI's master also was killed in the streets, under circumstances which induced his widow and her Ministers to abstain from too searching an investigation of the crime. Crude despotism, backed by foreign bayonets, has not proved a preservative against crime; and it is at least worth while to try the experiment of vesting power in the hands of the educated and responsible portion of the Italian people. It is not impossible that the National Guard may have been remiss in the preservation of the peace; but there is this difference between the Paris of a former age and the Parma of the present day—that no suspicion of passive complicity or retrospective approval can rest on the local dictator. The virtuous PÉTION, the eloquent VERGNAUD, the incorruptible ROBESPIERRE, always defended the outrages of the populace, until mob violence was directed against themselves. FARINI has once seen the destruction of liberty by the murder of ROSSI, and he has uniformly protested against the substitution of the rabble for the natural and qualified rulers of a country. His energetic proclamation to the people of Parma was scarcely needed to vindicate his name from an absurd and impossible imputation.

The satellites of despotism who applauded the crimes of FERDINAND II. at Naples, and the Ultramontanists who defend the misdeeds of Perugia, will not fail to deduce from the murder of ANVITI, the conclusion that Italy ought to be relegated to perpetual servitude. If serious statesmen and powerful Governments affect to listen to the clamour, their use of an isolated act may safely be regarded as a mere pretext for carrying out a preconceived policy. It was never doubted that Italian towns required the superintendence of a vigilant police, and the question is only whether the duty shall be entrusted to foreigners or imposed upon those to whom it naturally belongs. If Parma, after the annexation, proves unruly, so much the worse for Piedmont and for the Parmesans themselves. Neither France nor Austria will suffer from the weakness and discredit which will attach to the Italian Government. It has become a historical commonplace that the horrors of the French Revolution failed to justify the European coalition, and it will be strange if Italy rivals in number or atrocity the crimes of the Convention and the Commune. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, at Aberdeen, took a false issue when he referred to the exemplary conduct of the Italian people as a decisive proof of their fitness for independence. If they had been as turbulent as they have been calm and peaceable, there would have been an equally conclusive argument in favour of leaving them to find a remedy for irregularities which principally concerned themselves.

There is too much reason to fear that the definitive treaty

of Zurich or of Biarritz will confirm in some form, as far as France and Austria are concerned, the preliminaries of Villafranca. The restoration of the Grand-Dukes can, however, hardly have been assented to by France, except in the negative sense of an undertaking to favour their pretensions by all legitimate means. As their overthrow was an indirect consequence of the war, it may reasonably be stipulated that their expulsion shall not be regarded as final. More than this Austria may have an excuse for asking; but France has no right, and perhaps no power, to make further concessions of that which is not her own. Some allowance is due to the awkward position in which NAPOLEON III. has placed himself, not in bad faith, but through his precipitate eagerness for peace. At Villafranca he probably never doubted his power to perform the agreements by which he is now unpleasantly hampered. A dealer who undertakes to deliver an amount of a particular stock on a given day assumes that he will be able to purchase it in the market. If all the holders were suddenly to be found obdurately tenacious, he might become liable to damages for his breach of contract, but he would scarcely be thought to have compromised his commercial character. To a Sovereign at the head of a victorious army, the accident of a wish on the part of a nation to have a voice in its own affairs may have been as little likely to occur as a doubt on the Stock Exchange whether money's worth could at any time be had for money.

The Sardinian Circular exhausts the arguments which conclusively prove that the Duchies ought to be annexed to Piedmont. The fugitive Princes, with the exception of the Regent of PARMA, deliberately adopted the anti-national cause, and their subjects are remitted to the right of providing a Government in future for themselves. The amalgamation of three or four States into an independent kingdom can by no possibility involve a wrong to any foreign Power. Austria can scarcely pretend to a vested interest in the weakness of Piedmont, nor can France demand that her own patronage should be kept alive by the inability of her allies to protect themselves. After the annexation is completed, Italy will still be an unequal match for the Austrian forces which may be concentrated in Venetia. It has been announced that France has already made sufficient sacrifices for an idea, and consequently it is only by enabling North Italy to defend itself that the sole ostensible object of the war can be approximately attained.

The Sardinian Minister is not ignorant that the chief difficulty of the moment consists in the anomalous position of Romagna. The friends of despotism and of foreign dominion in all parts of Italy will not fail to identify their cause with the more formidable claims of the POPE. France and Austria have motives of their own for defending the possessions of the Holy See, and the Legations were unfortunately not, like the Duchies, separate political communities before the commencement of the war. The POPE has the advantage over the fugitive Princes of a body of zealous supporters in all parts of Europe, and yet it may be doubted whether the audacity of the Roman Catholic bishops is not injuring their cause. Frenchmen have found many strange appearances compatible with the perpetual jargon of "the conquests of 1789," but the tolerance of the long-suffering Parisians themselves may be startled when prelates deliver formal sermons in the principal churches against the independence of a foreign country. Even heretics must protest that the territorial arrangements of Italy are not to be deduced from the works of the Fathers, from the traditions of the Church, or even from the dogmas which have expanded so luxuriantly under the modern contrivance of development. If the Emperor NAPOLEON finds that the French nation is revolted by the pretensions of the priesthood, a prudent regard for popularity may not improbably prevail over his well-known devotion to the Church.

Ireland, as a part of a country which enjoys unlimited freedom, is naturally a more suitable theatre than France for the exhibition of sacerdotal eccentricities. Englishmen regard with reasonable complacency the impudence which is the best proof of absolute liberty. Archbishop CULLEN's last tirade in favour of the POPE is directed, not only against Sardinia, but also against representative institutions. His foreign training probably blinds him to the additional argument which he is supplying against the cause which he so eagerly advocates. In this country, the question between despotism and constitutional government is no longer to be considered open. It is probably true that the POPE could not reign with a Parliament by his side, but English minds will not infer from the incompatibility that Italian liberty ought to be suppressed. The utter indifference of the bishops both in France and Ireland to the Roman Catholic laity of Italy is the more instructive because it is apparently unconscious. Even the parochial priests, who in many places cordially sympathize with the national movement, are altogether forgotten by the thoroughgoing adherents of the Vatican. It may be hoped that Archbishop CULLEN's historical parallels will not be exactly reproduced. As he justly observes, some pious Prince, some CHARLEMAGNE or OTHO, has generally been found to protect the POPE against the disaffection of ungrateful subjects. There are still too many potentates ready to follow the old precedent; but, to a certain extent, Italy is secured by the number of her enemies. There are two or three CHARLEMAGNES anxious to prevent each other from interfering, and in the meantime the Iron Crown at last girds the brow of a true Italian King. It must be confessed, in excuse for Dr. CULLEN, that his interference is not more gratuitous than that of Lord SHAFTESBURY, whom, as a rival hierarch, he very properly vituperates. It is not because Sardinia has offended the POPE that rational Englishmen wish well to Italy, and their sympathies will certainly not be withdrawn because the recent events have given occasion for a good deal of ecclesiastical cursing and swearing.

THE DUBLIN PASTORAL.

THE dark storm-cloud which for so many weeks has hung threateningly over the Vatican seems well nigh ready to burst. There must be an end even to Imperial reticence. Friends and foes must speedily declare themselves. A perilous hour for the Roman Catholic Church is at hand, when he that is not with her will be against her, and a convenient neutrality will be superseded by the awkward alternative of openly-avowed hostility or allegiance. Already she hears expressions escaping, which may justly alarm her, as to the intentions of those from whom she has most to hope and to fear. But to the Roman Court danger is no new experience. Once again, in the crisis of its fate, it prepares itself for the terrible struggle. Once more all the familiar apparatus is set in action—once more the Spiritual Mother calls upon her faithful children in her dire necessity. Undaunted as ever, she betakes herself to the summons to prayer, the promised indulgence, the glowing eulogium, the passionate invective—all the well-known weapons of defence and offence with which she has held her ground on many a hotly-contested battlefield, wounded, perhaps, and sorely tried, but still unyielding, and, if not absolutely victorious, yet never hopelessly defeated. The flock to whom Archbishop CULLEN addressed himself last Sunday no doubt found his language sufficiently stimulating. To have one's own wrongs so forcibly described—to be painted snow-white oneself, and see one's enemies begrimed in hues of Tartarean blackness—to hear all the bitter sentiments which the exigencies of civilized life usually thrust into decent obscurity deliberately enunciated by a great authority on a solemn occasion—must have been a luxury which an Irish audience could not fail to appreciate.

To ordinary Protestants, the whole statement seems so transcendently unfair that it is difficult to know at what point to begin the process of refutation. And yet such performances as this of Archbishop CULLEN are by no means without their use. Englishmen are often accused, and not without cause, of isolation of thought. We misunderstand and are misunderstood. Our insular position, our distinctly-marked individuality, our religion, tastes, and mode of life, all tend to raise a barrier between other European nations and ourselves. We are apt to leave out of our calculations sentiments and prejudices which thrive most vigorously and exercise the deepest influence throughout the length and breadth of the Continent. There is a disagreeable truth of which we are apt to lose sight, and which such language as that of

the recent Pastoral may serve most advantageously in recalling to our recollection. Anything is useful which enables us to appreciate the fervent dislike with which the less-instructed portions of the Roman Catholic community, from one end of Europe to another, regard the religious and political institutions of this country. In the eyes of such people, we are a standing affront to the cause of truth. We are the unrighteous, permitted by some mysterious dispensation to flourish like the bay tree, and to come to no trouble like other folk. We are heretics—and, worst of all, prosperous heretics—and as such legitimate objects of hatred to every devout believer. Our crimes, our cruelties, our oppressions of dependent nations, our hatred of pure religion, are all on a scale of Satanic magnificence which cannot be contemplated without a shudder. Our energy only makes us more energetic in wickedness. Our resolution only deafens our ear to the appeals of truth. We are to be pitied, dreaded, disliked as the most daring and determined of evil-doers. Such, undoubtedly, are the sentiments which millions of religiously disposed and partially informed Roman Catholics entertain towards England, and Dr. CULLEN expresses them in the most exaggerated form. He has plenty of telling facts at his command. He draws an affecting picture of charities so maliciously contrived as to be mere instruments of bigotry and oppression—hospitals where a sufferer, carried in unawares, would be debarr'd in the moment of death the last and essential consolations of his faith—poor little shoe-blacks cheated out of their orthodoxy before they know what they are about—the most reasonable and moderate demands as to education coarsely and insultingly refused. On this last subject Archbishop CULLEN's own flock, with every wish to be irrational, must have found it difficult to keep pace with the flight of their pastor's imagination. Can there be people, even in Dublin, who seriously believe that the Roman Catholics in Ireland have a worse time of it than the Protestants of France, Hungary, or Austria? It is easy enough to depict "the good Catholic EMPEROR, yielding to the wishes of his Protestant subjects, and freely granting 'all that they can desire;' but the Protestant subjects, if consulted on the matter, could probably point to some little grievances of their own quite as harassing, and much more unprovoked, than those which Archbishop CULLEN now endures with such martyrlike resignation. "Good Catholic 'Emperors' have before now been driven by the stern necessities of their position to much more stringent measures of repression than any which Irish Catholicism has to fear from the heretical Queen VICTORIA or the designing politicians of her Court.

The fact is that the Irish are always their own worst enemies. It is in such heady passion, such determined unfairness, as that which breathes in every line of the Pastoral, that we find the main obstacle to a fair and generous settlement of those politico-religious questions which, everywhere but in Ireland, seem capable of being adjusted in a manner approximately satisfactory to all parties. The Roman Catholics, no doubt, have much to provoke them. Virulent abuse, unfortunately, is not a monopoly of Dr. CULLEN's. But they aggravate their provocations, they play into the hands of their enemies by doing their best to make it impossible for any calm man to sympathize with their sufferings or comply with their requests. Englishmen in general heartily regret the past, and have no wish to deal with the difficult and complicated problem of Irish government otherwise than in a liberal and considerate spirit. Their one wish is that the Irish should be loyal subjects, prosperous citizens, and practise the religion which their conscience commands to them; but the hands of bigots and fanatics are strengthened when unjust complaints, false accusations, and immoderate demands are urged by a great Church authority. The violent Protestant party has no truer ally than Archbishop CULLEN.

But it is on the question of Italy that the ARCHBISHOP displays the warmest feeling and the greatest ingenuity. He narrows down the sympathy which England takes in the Peninsula to the designing efforts of a few religious sectarians. It is Lord SHAFTESBURY and "the British Evangelicals" who are the real promoters of the excitement. The hope felt in this country that Italians may succeed at last in obtaining their liberties is only "another illustration of hypocrisy and bigotry 'acting under the mask of a desire to put down oppression and 'support the rights of man.' In this 'vile combination,' statesmen of various schools have taken part in 'a disgraceful rivalry for the adherence of fanatics.' 'It is not hatred 'of oppression or love of freedom that animates them, but 'a virulent hatred of the Catholic Church, and of that rock

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"on which it stands, and will stand for ever." With such persons it is of course almost in vain for so mild and dispassionate a reasoner as Archbishop CULLEN to attempt an explanation. His gentle spirit shrinks from the rude contact of such uncongenial dispositions. "They are persons blinded with passion, inaccessible to reason, who appear to have nothing in view but to inflict a wound upon the head of the Church." For the enlightenment of the faithful, however, he proceeds to remove some prevailing misconceptions on the condition of Italy in general and the Roman States in particular. The Romagna, it appears, is quite a little paradise—with here and there perhaps a passing trouble, an occasional sin, a murmur of discontent, just enough to keep its rejoicing population from becoming too enamoured of their happy home, and to remind them that, charming as it is, this world is, after all, "a place of exile and banishment, where man's lot is to suffer." Poverty and crime are both recognised as existing facts by Christianity, so that it would hardly be in good taste for the Holy Father absolutely to exterminate them. Then, as to the alleged disaffection, and the necessity of foreign troops to guard this tender parent among his loving children, it is too true. Even in the Romagna "the children of Adam are tainted with evil and prone to disobedience." But it is partial—a mere trifle. "It does not extend to any considerable part of the inhabitants, and what is more, owes its origin to foreign interference, and to the intrigues and emissaries of secret and Bible societies, and frequently to English money." Turning to Piedmont, what a spectacle that unhappy country presents! Well may it stickle at its share of the Austrian debt! That rebellious VICTOR EMANUEL, that crafty CAVOUR, have betrayed her to her ruin. "Twelve years ago she was happy and flourishing, and is now almost reduced to a state of utter destitution and bankruptcy, and groaning under a fearful despotism." Unhappy Sardinia! She is probably too enfeebled to groan loud enough for us to hear—otherwise we might think the ARCHBISHOP a little rash in this brilliant sketch of contemporary history. "A Catholic Primate and Delegate Apostolic" may be accustomed to address audiences who take his word against the evidence of their own senses; but to the heretical understanding it does seem extraordinary how, with the plain facts of the case giving him the lie at every sentence, a religious teacher can go on, column after column, with his confidence unruined by a single misgiving as to the transparency of his misrepresentations or the credulity of his hearers. We commend to his notice a question in the EMPEROR'S speech at Bordeaux, which has the merit of bringing the controversy to a single issue:—"When our army shall be withdrawn (from Rome), will it leave behind anarchy, terror, or peace?"

Till Archbishop CULLEN is provided with a satisfactory reply, he should be rather less vehement in his descriptions of the felicities of the Romagna; and with regard to the Government of which he is so resolute a champion, he could not do better than follow the EMPEROR'S advice to his brother dignitary, and resolve, "instead of appealing to ardent passions, to search with calmness for truth, and to pray to Providence to enlighten both people and Sovereign upon the wise exercise of their rights, as well as upon the extent of their duties."

DOCKYARD MANAGEMENT.

IT was impossible that the Admiralty Committee, whose Report we noticed last week, should rest content with exposing the profligate waste of public money which has gone on from time immemorial in the dockyards, without endeavouring to point out the defects of management which caused the mischief, and to suggest some expedients for checking future extravagance. They have entered very fully into all the details of dockyard work, and for the first time the public may learn what really goes on in those mysterious establishments. The great problem of every manufacturing establishment is to get work of first-rate quality done at a fair price. There is always, of course, some risk of sacrificing quality to cheapness, or else of obtaining excellence at an extravagant cost. Men paid by the piece are under a strong temptation to scamp their work, while day labourers are pretty certain, if they can, to do less for their money than they would do under the stimulus of task work. Each of these difficulties has to be met by supervision, and there is no reason why this should not be done as effectually in a public as in a private establishment.

In the dockyards three different systems of working are in use. One is simply day-work—the shipwrights being employed, under supervision, at the fixed wages of 4s. 6d. a day. Another plan is to pay the men for the quantity of work done according to a certain scale, which assigns what is supposed to be a proper price for almost every imaginable item of shipwright's work. When this method is used, a staff of inspectors and measurers take down the quantity of work done by each gang, whose wages are then calculated according to the measurement scale of prices. This is called, in dockyard slang, "task and job work, unlimited earnings." The third method is what is termed "task and job work, limited earnings." The basis of it is time work at the regular 4s. 6d. a day. But, to ensure industry, the men are followed by the measuring-staff; and if the work done proves to be worth less than a day's wages, the pay is proportionately reduced, though, if it measures more than 4s. 6d., the excess is not paid to the men, but is so much clear gain to the establishment. This is the pet system of the dockyard authorities; and if its effects were not more than neutralized by the imperfections of the measurement and the astuteness of the men, it might be pronounced a very smart contrivance for defrauding the workmen for the good of their country. The returns obtained by the Committee from the various dockyards decide little as to the comparative merits of these three systems. All have been about equally unsuccessful; for, whichever method has been in vogue, there has been no approach to uniformity in the tonnage cost of labour even on similar ships, and the average outlay has been enormously greater than it would have been in a private yard. For example, on twenty-five ships built in 1844 and 1845 by day-work, the expenditure for labour varied from 3*l.* 8*s.* to 7*l.* 15*s.* per ton—the average cost of those which were not fitted for sea being 4*l.* 11*s.* It is a characteristic circumstance that the cheapest ship of all was completely fitted at the price of 3*l.* 8*s.*, while the outlay of 7*l.* 15*s.* was exclusive of fittings. But, in the dockyards, pay and work seem often to be in an inverse ratio.

Another table is given of the expenditure on eight unfitted ships built since 1854 on the system we have described, of day-pay checked by subsequent measurement. The range there is from 3*l.* 1*s.* to 6*l.* 9*s.* per ton—the average being 4*l.* 5*s.* These figures show the same excessive fluctuations, and about the same average cost, as the others; but a more recent comparison seems less favourable to the scheme of payment by time. The *Mersey* was built at Chatham, for the most part under check measurement, for 3*l.* 19*s.* a ton; while the sister-ship, *Orlando* cost, at Pembroke, chiefly on day-pay, as much as 5*l.* 4*s.* But no inference can be drawn from such figures, for it is just as likely that the next pair of frigates built may show a contrast equally startling in the opposite direction. The unexplained fluctuations in outlay exceed so greatly any that can be ascribed to this or that system, that the only general law which can be deduced from the very large mass of details contained in the Report is, that it costs much less to build a ship at Chatham than in any other yard, and that Woolwich work is perhaps the most expensive of all. Local differences of cost and needless variations in the same dockyard are both intelligible on the hypothesis that the excess above the minimum is in great part due to careless supervision. No other explanation can possibly be given why two similar ships, when paid for by measurement, should not cost precisely the same sum. As this is not the case, nor nearly the case, it follows, of necessity, that the work measured and paid for is not identical with the work done. Whether this arises in general from the measurers being deceived by the men, or colluding with them, or from the unmanageable intricacy of the scale of prices, which embraces nearly 5000 minute items of shipwrights' work, it is not very easy to decide. Wilful deception has been occasionally proved; and one singular fact is adduced to show that wholesale fraud must at one time have been practised. In 1822 the scale of prices was lowered twenty per cent., but after the reduction ships cost quite as much to build as before, and the Committee not unnaturally infer that, by some *hocus pocus*, the same quantity of work was made to measure twenty per cent. more than before, so as to compensate the men for the niggardly policy of the Government. Even in the absence of fraud, there does seem to be an amount of intricacy in the measuring process, as actually practised, which baffles all attempts at accuracy. Two ships exactly alike, the *Cadmus* and the *Pearl*, were built by task-work, and the Committee took the pains to examine the details of the

measurement. If the process had been carried on with perfect accuracy, there ought to have appeared equal quantities of each item of work in both cases. But so mysterious is the measuring art, that the work on the *Pearl* is made up of about 1000 items, one-third of which are not entered at all in the accounts of the *Cadmus*, but in lieu of them a number of different items are charged, which in their turn do not appear in account against the *Pearl*. The number of exactly identical items in the two cases is just twenty-three out of about 1000. Perhaps it is not so surprising, after all, that the one ship should have cost a few thousands more than the other.

While everything else in the Dockyards seems to obey no sort of law, there is one particular in which the most beautiful regularity may be observed, and that is the earnings of the workmen. When the men are working by time, subject to check measurement, they almost always earn just enough to make their 4s. 6d. safe. A margin of 2d. or 3d. beyond this amount is seldom exceeded, and the quantity of work is almost exactly the same in the longest day of summer and the shortest of winter. The men evidently know how to reckon up the measurements which they will be able to give in, and when they have once earned their day's wages, they very naturally decline to do more work for nothing. There is the same uniformity when they are put on unlimited earnings. The scale of prices is supposed to be fixed so that a man working his utmost may be able to earn 6s. a day. If it were found that, on any particular kind of work, an industrious workman could make much more than this amount, the price of the item would be instantly cut down. The men, of course, know this; and they are too wise to kill the goose with the golden eggs. They make their earnings fluctuate accordingly within a few pence of 6s. a day, and the authorities are delighted to find how accurately their scale of prices is adjusted. Now and then a workman falls into the blunder of doing too much; and an instance is recorded of a man who earned, by measurement work, on an easy item, 24s. in a single day. Other prices are just as much too low; and there is one item on which it is said to be impossible for a diligent man to make 2s. by a day's work.

The conclusion of the Committee is that the whole measurement system is a delusion—that it fails to show the real amount of work done, and that, even if it did, there are no means of testing the correctness of the prices attached to each item of work. As a substitute for it, they suggest that the labour on each ship should be paid for at a fixed rate per ton for every stage through which the vessel is advanced. Something like this is done by private builders, but it is generally accompanied by a system of letting out the work by contracts and sub-contracts, which necessarily implies that the workmen are the servants or partners of the contractors for the work, and not the established staff retained by the ship-builder himself. Another objection urged by Mr. CHATFIELD is that this plan would make it very difficult to shift gangs of men from one piece of work to another as the exigencies of the service might require. The Committee, however, are very strongly bent upon giving a trial to what they call the private-trade method of working by the ton, and they may be right in thinking it preferable both to day-work and to measurement work as practised in the dockyards. But there seems to be much sense in Mr. CHATFIELD's observation that the figures on which the Committee rely to prove the fallacies of the measuring system prove much more which cannot be charged to this particular device. "They show," he says, "such discrepancies both as to the value of materials and labour per ton for building ships at different and at the same yards, that it seems impossible to reconcile the apparent anomalies." The Committee, in fact, only show that the measuring system, as worked by the various officers of the dockyards, has broken down. Mr. CHATFIELD, himself a master shipwright, admits that the plan has not been properly worked; but he does not ascribe the failure to the system itself. It is not unlikely that the new scheme of working by the ton, if "not properly carried out," might fail as signally as the present methods; and we should be inclined to think that almost any system, whether one of payment by piece-work on the large scale, or by measurement of details, or even by time, might be worked efficiently by officers who really understood their business. What Mr. CHATFIELD terms "irreconcilable anomalies" have appeared from one end to the other of the accounts; yet the Committee say that "they cannot find that their comparisons as to the cost of ships have

"ever before been made, or that the subject has been brought under the notice of the Board." If anomalies in accounts are never looked for, they are apt to grow vigorously in the dark. A tradesman who never opened his books to ascertain how much he paid for goods or labour would, no doubt, have a very extraordinary ledger to produce in Basinghall-street; and no one who was aware of the unfortunate bankrupt's habitual indifference to the anomalies of his accounts would think it necessary to look for any further defects of system to account for his disasters. The system of the dockyards is possibly faulty enough, but it has not had fair play. Whatever else may be wrong, the primary cause of the extravagance which the Committee has exposed is the apathetic neglect of those whose duty it was to watch for and to check the waste of public money.

The Committee themselves have not shut their eyes to this fact. They say that the Dockyard officers have devoted their attention too exclusively to excellence and rapidity of work, and have too much overlooked the cost of production. The remedy which they propose is one which we have always insisted on. They recommend that the cost of every ship, and the balance-sheets of the manufacturing departments, should be printed annually with the Navy Estimates, and circulated to all the Dockyards. By this means, they say, "officers who produced the work at the cheapest rate would have credit for it; and any officer who allowed the work of his department to cost too much would be brought to account. Private manufacturers, also, would have an opportunity of judging whether the Government works were conducted satisfactorily or not, and would check any excessive cost." Sir BALDWIN WALKER admits that such accounts might easily be furnished; and though it is now proved that Dockyard officers never trouble themselves to inquire how much money they are spending, they will scarcely complain if the House of Commons shows a little more curiosity on so important a subject.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

WHATEVER promises or concessions may be made by the Moorish authorities, it is not likely that the Spanish Government will allow the great force which it has collected to disperse without finding some opportunity for displaying its efficiency. The outrages of the Riff pirates furnish a sufficient justification for war with the nominal Government which is probably altogether unable to control them. It requires no curious investigation of public law to prove that any Power has a right to put down piracy, and that Spain, as the nearest neighbour of the Moors, is specially charged with the duty of repressing their lawless excesses. Any attempt, therefore, to interfere with the proposed expedition must be dictated by collateral motives, and it ought to be accompanied by a candid admission that the enterprise is in itself legitimate and justifiable.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the English Government should have watched the Spanish preparations with uneasiness. The last expedition against Mediterranean pirates resulted in the establishment of French dominion in Africa, and it is certainly not impossible that the Power which has so long held Ceuta and the neighbouring strongholds should contemplate an extension of its territory in Africa. Experience proves that weak and semi-barbarous Governments are safe, if not convenient, neighbours; and the Moorish markets which supply Gibraltar are to be relied upon chiefly because they are unaffected by the political complications and theories of Europe. It would not be difficult to show that, in this respect, the interests of Spain correspond with the prudential wishes of England. The inhabitants of a country which is still half peopled and imperfectly cultivated can derive little benefit from superfluous possessions beyond the seas which will never pay the expense of defending them.

There are other reasons, however, besides a dislike to the establishment of a Spanish Algeria in the Straits, which may have induced the English Government to interpose its good offices between the expected belligerents. The preparations which have been made by land and sea are said to be unaccountably formidable, and it is thought that the fleet and army may be intended for ulterior and more dangerous purposes. As the suspicion is probably unfounded, it ought to be suppressed; and if it was supported by any plausible show of colour, it should be still more carefully kept out of sight. Among the many blessings which the Imperial restorer of order has conferred upon Europe, one of the most obvious is

a general uncertainty as to the probabilities of peace and war. For nearly half-a-century the ambitious and warlike statecraft of former times seemed to have become obsolete. The Great Powers really wished to remain at peace among themselves, and it was only at the close of a long reign that the hope of impunity induced the Emperor NICHOLAS to attempt an attack on the independence of Turkey. Both England and Russia blundered into the war in consequence of a perverse misunderstanding; but the attack on Austria in the spring of the present year was deliberately planned and carried out in the absence of all shadow or pretext of provocation. It is from the same quarter that danger is still apprehended whenever any unusual movement takes place in any part of Europe. When the English Ministers deprecate the unusual energy of Spain, they virtually express a doubt whether their cordial and faithful ally may not be preparing another aggressive war in concert with another subordinate ally. Gibraltar lies near the rendezvous of the expedition; and if France were to pick a quarrel with England, and equip a powerful fleet at Toulon, it is evident that a serious attack on the great fortress might be regarded as imminent. The combination is probably altogether imaginary; and if it were really contemplated it would be idle to remonstrate against it. A fortress such as Gibraltar ought to depend on its guns and on the vigilance of its garrison, and not on the ingenuity of diplomatists in protecting it from attack. If the place is worth holding, it ought to be tenable long enough to allow the English fleets from almost all parts of the world to be brought together for its relief. The possible risk of a siege affords no reasonable excuse for a protest against the Spanish expedition to Morocco. The presence of the English flag on the shores of Spain is unavoidably distasteful; and it would become odious if it were used as a pretext for any exceptional interference with the independence of the national policy.

As to the designs of France, it is useless to be always crying "wolf," although the wolf itself may perhaps sooner or later appear. The schemes of even the most systematic intriguers are always incomplete, conditional, and dependent on time and opportunity. A league with Spain against England may possibly have passed before the mind of the FRENCH Emperor as a combination which at some future time might be feasible and advantageous, but it is absurd to assume that the Spanish armaments indicate the approaching consummation of such a project. There is no reason to suppose that, in endeavouring to reassert its former position in Europe, an ancient Monarchy is prepared at once to become the instrument of a formidable neighbour. The main object of the Spanish preparations against the Moors is probably to demonstrate at home and abroad the increase of strength and prosperity which has been produced by a long internal peace. If the finances are really flourishing, if the army and navy have become effective, an enterprise which may afford an opportunity of recovering the respect of Europe cannot be thought unworthy of a patriotic statesman. Many impartial witnesses are of opinion that the resources of Spain have increased in the last ten years with unprecedented rapidity; and there is always a probability of such a recovery when internal order has been maintained for some years in a country which had been previously suffering from anarchy, civil war, and the grossest forms of misgovernment. The secularization of vast estates formerly held in mortmain must alone have added largely to the public wealth; and, notwithstanding all the contemptible palace revolutions which have followed in frequent succession, agriculture and trade have for a whole generation been exempt from the disturbance of war. With a large and compact territory, a settled Government, and a homogeneous population, there is no substantial reason why Spain should not occupy her former place among the principal States of Europe. There has, indeed, been a long period of obscurity and degradation; but a part of a century bears but a small proportion to the life of a nation. At the death of PHILIP VI. Spain was probably as weak and as wretched as at the time when ISABELLA II. attained her majority; yet, in the single reign of CHARLES III., the army and navy became once more formidable, the population largely increased, and the KING himself took no insignificant part in the politics of his time. Even in the days of CHARLES IV. and of GODOY, although the army was utterly demoralized, the Spanish contingent under GRAVINA formed the most effective portion of the fleet which contended against NELSON at Trafalgar. It was from the want, not of men or of material, but of institutions, of rulers, and of

generals, that NAPOLEON was able to overrun the Peninsula and to hold it till his armies were driven out by WELLINGTON.

If a national regeneration is really taking place, it is desirable for both countries that Spain should become the cordial ally of England. Marshal O'DONNELL cannot fail to understand that a wanton coalition with France in an aggressive war would undo the work which he has carried on after inheriting it from his predecessors. The sympathies, or rather the antipathies, of the people, are probably divided between their former invader and their former ally; and it would be absurdly imprudent to enter into a wrongful quarrel by uselessly opposing the pretensions which naturally revive with returning prosperity. It is by no means desirable that the most turbulent State in Europe should be surrounded on all sides by neighbours too helpless to prevent or to punish encroachment. It is not even certain that the admission of a new vote into the councils of Europe might not tend to promote public tranquillity by increasing the majority against any contumacious dissident. At present, one-half of Western Europe undertakes, at its own expense, the regulation of the whole both in war and peace. If Spain and Northern Italy were enabled to assume the same rank with Prussia, the theory, at least, of national representation would be rendered far more consistent. It would perhaps be more convenient to England that the renewed vigour of the nation should have been displayed at a greater distance from Gibraltar; but, on the whole, it is well to acquiesce with a good grace in an undertaking which, in its ostensible purpose, is by no means unjustifiable.

INDIAN FINANCIAL MEASURES.

IT is very difficult to form a judgment here of the prudence of the financial measures adopted in India, but the tone of the recent news from Calcutta is certainly calculated to suggest uneasy misgivings. When sudden spasmodic efforts follow a long period of inaction, it is natural to suspect that they represent something very different from the results of mature deliberation. All the circumstances which have preceded and attended the stringent measure of taxation which is now the law for all the millions of our Eastern subjects, tend to confirm the suspicion that this new exhibition of vigour is regarded, even by its authors, as a hazardous experiment. For more than a year Lord CANNING has been goaded by the home authorities into extreme courses. For many months a license or income-tax has been announced as under consideration. The original draft of the Bill, which was calculated to bring in a revenue of 1,500,000*l.*, must have been prepared with abundant deliberation; and yet, at the last instant, the scheme received a portentous extension. The maximum of the tax has been raised from 50*l.* to 500*l.*, and its sweep in the opposite direction has been enlarged so as to reach every man who earns as much as 5*d.* a-day. The expected receipts, estimated at not less than 4,000,000*l.* a-year, may have offered an irresistible temptation to a bankrupt Government, but if a tax so extensive as this is necessary and practicable, we should have felt more easy as to the consequences of the measure if it had not been a sudden afterthought, passed on a few days' notice, in direct opposition to the policy which had been sanctioned almost to the last moment. The attempt to save the salaries of officials from the operation of the impost has, it is true, been abandoned, in deference to the unanimous protest of the Legislative Council; but the mere fact that such a project was entertained, and for a long time obstinately persisted in, does not increase the confidence one would wish to feel in the temper and the wisdom of the Indian Government.

There is something quite appalling in the idea of a direct tax upon poor creatures who are earning less than a quarter of the wages of the lowest class of English labourers. It may be that the necessities of the State and the poverty of the great mass of the people render it impossible to exempt even the lowest from contribution; but to bear a visible direct tax requires more philosophy than to submit to some small increase in the cost of the necessities of life. It has always been thought prudent to disguise the burdens of the lowest classes under the form of customs and excise, and even without the new tax, every human being in India was forced to give his mite to the Government in the shape of an extra price for the salt which he consumed. An increase in this duty and a tax upon tobacco have both been suggested as convenient methods for extracting further contributions from the poorest of the poor. Both of these projects have been, rightly or wrongly, condemned by many experienced

Indian officials, as unjust and oppressive burdens on a class who have scarcely the means to support existence. But, burdensome and grievous as they might be, they could not possibly excite half the discontent which will be roused by the visit of a tax-gatherer to demand his two or three rupees from unclad wretches, to whom the amount of the tax will represent the means of subsistence for as many weeks. If a poll-tax as unsparing as this is found easy of collection, the experiment will prove how completely the events of the last war have crushed the spirit of the Indian population. On the wealthier classes the tax, though heavy and unaccustomed, is unquestionably just, and if the Government feels itself strong enough to enforce payment, we know no reason why it should spare the rich bankers and traders who have so long enjoyed the gratuitous protection of English power. But the whole measure savours so much of precipitation and rashness that nothing but complete success will be an adequate justification. If the accounts of what passed in the Council are to be relied on, the author of the Bill exhibited so much weakness in his defence of the obnoxious exemption contained in the original draft as to shake all the trust which might otherwise be placed in the local knowledge which he must be presumed to possess. Officials, he said, were to be tax-free, but then they were to pay at least an equivalent in the reduction of their salaries. This is almost like saying that their exemption was designed, not really as a benefit to them, but only to cover them with the odium which attaches to a favoured class. To relieve them from an otherwise universal burden would have been an intelligible, if an unjust, policy; but to make them contribute their full quota of the tax under another name, and at the same time to induce the over-burdened natives to believe that Englishmen were unfairly favoured, was about as ingenious a scheme for making our race detested as the greatest enemy of English rule could have devised. Happily the Council, though compelled to pass the "tremendous Bill" against which they protested, were strong enough to expunge its most fatal clause, and Indian officials will share with Parsee merchants and Hindoo sweepers the pleasures of an income-tax of 7*d.* in the pound.

If, in practice, the tax is not rigorously exacted from the poor, it may even yet prove an equitable and not intolerable assessment on the wealthier classes; but if the letter of the law is to be strictly enforced, the wished for reduction of the European army may have to be postponed indefinitely. The *Times*, with its usual reckless versatility, rejoices that the firmness of Parliament in withholding the aid of English credit has forced Lord CANNING into an experiment which—as its Correspondent pleasantly puts the case—will either save the finances or produce universal insurrection. Politicians of a less dashing school may doubt the wisdom of setting the stability of our Empire on the cast of a die; and even constant readers, who are forgetful of the influence of the Long Vacation, may be puzzled to understand how the refusal of the Imperial guarantee, which was branded as besotted folly in July, should so soon have become an act of commendable firmness. Of all the wild theories hazarded about India, the idea of stimulating its officials by artificial embarrassments is the most preposterous. A trifling difficulty may sometimes be useful to rouse the torpid energies of rulers whom constant prosperity has enervated. But even the relief which the consolidation of the debt might afford would leave a sufficiently formidable deficit; and it is just possible that a pressure too severe to be endured may foster reckless experiments as a relief from a prospect full of blank despair. There are ugly symptoms about this last scheme of taxation, which indicate something of this temper in the Calcutta Government. It is possible that these impressions may be removed by more exact accounts of the Bill which has been passed, and by the moderation with which its enactments may be enforced. Meanwhile it is only right to suspend any absolute judgment on the merits of a policy which may possibly prove to be more judicious and less oppressive than present appearances would lead one to suppose. The news certainly presents a strange contrast to Mr. WILSON's theories of enriching the Treasury by petting the natives. It would be interesting to hear the criticism which the CHANCELLOR must have in store for those who have so boldly forestalled his functions; but it is more satisfactory to find that he has been prudent enough to withhold his opinion, and has managed to deliver an address to his constituents at Devonport full of unexceptionable remarks on domestic and European politics, without a single compromising observation on the subject of his future duties. The

Indian Income-tax may greatly diminish some of the difficulties which he will have to face; but it will task all his philosophy and acuteness so to work the new machinery as to replenish the Exchequer without oppressing and exasperating the people on whose good-will and prosperity he professes to build his hopes of restoring order to the finances of India.

GERMAN POLITICS.

A LIBERAL movement which, superficially at least, depends for success on the recognition and guidance afforded it by Princes, is sure to advance very slowly and very tortuously. The agitation in favour of a reconstruction of the Germanic Confederation has been so far fortunate that it is no longer despised or passed over in silence; but the Duke of SAXE-COBURG, whose countenance brought it into notice, has naturally incurred the censure of the great State to which all reforms are equally distasteful and dangerous. Austria, through Count RECHBERG, has administered a reproof to the Duke, and has accused him of fostering schemes the ultimate aim of which can tend to nothing except the humiliation of Austria. The Duke was able to shelter himself under the double cloak of his irresponsibility as a Sovereign Prince, and of the very vague words in which the address to him was framed and his answer to it was couched. It is true, and every one knows it to be true, that the party who wish for a change wish also to reduce the authority and influence of Austria. But there is nothing expressly to indicate this in the terms of the proposal for a new Federal organization. The Duke of SAXE-COBURG was therefore quite at liberty to give the bearers of the address to him a friendly reception. The sovereignty, also, which he might not object to abandon if his dreams of a united Germany could be realized, may as well be made use of while it lasts; and it was an obvious reply to the Austrian Circular that, if the Emperor of AUSTRIA had any complaint to make, he might write himself to make it. Prussia has also had the benefit of receiving the opinion of Austria on the proposed reform, and has replied, as might have been expected, that its perfect confidence in the character of the Duke of SAXE-COBURG prevented its supposing that any harm was meant.

All these Circulars and replies are utterly insignificant, except so far as they fix the position of the reforming States towards Austria. The real motive force lies not in the Cabinets of Princes, but in the opinion of Northern Germany. The representatives of the Reform movement have already attained the distinction that attends on the victims of a petty and ineffectual persecution. They met at Frankfort, and were proceeding very satisfactorily, when the municipal authorities of the city were reminded that no political meetings were to be held in a town that was the chosen centre of the Confederation. That the movement was not unpopular in Frankfort may be gathered from the fact that a considerable portion of the leaders belonged to the place; but the authorities had no choice. The warning was given, and the Reformers have had to retire into Westphalia. There they hope to continue their deliberations. We cannot find that their enemies have anything worse to say of them than that about one-fifth of them are editors or professors. This is, for Germany, a very small proportion; and that four-fifths of any assembly of volunteer Reformers should be unconnected with the two callings that are most easily entered by clever men interested in politics, seems much more remarkable than that one-fifth should be drawn from these sources. The composition of the association, and the very various quarters of Germany from which it comes, make it clear that the thought of federal reform has sunk into the minds of persons of different classes, callings, and traditions. But no association can contribute, except partially and indirectly, to such a change as the destruction and remodelling of an organization affecting twenty reigning Princes and forty millions of men. The Reform movement is not due to a Reform League, but to the lesson which Germans generally have drawn from the history of the late war. In the moment of trial the Confederation broke down. It had not sufficient vitality to relieve Prussia from the necessity of acting for herself; but it had just sufficient vitality to make it very difficult for Prussia to take advantage of the resources which Germany offered her. The patched-up Peace of Villafranca has for the time saved the Confederation; but although the conservatism of the country will do its utmost to prevent a great change, an institution which

has once failed signally in the eyes of all men is irrevocably doomed to perish sooner or later.

Two causes, besides the hostility of Austria, tend to keep things as they are. The Court of Berlin is naturally disinclined to give any very open sanction to projects by which Prussia is to receive a great increase of power; and the REGENT has many personal reasons for discountenancing the ardour of his self-elected friends. He considers, probably, that all projects for a reform of the Confederation have hitherto been far too much bound up with the general programme of the Democratic party, and he has all the feelings against a Democratic programme which are natural to an old soldier, a reigning Monarch, and a warm friend of the Emperor of RUSSIA. He may see that the day must come when the Confederation will be broken up and Prussia rise to a more acknowledged and unfettered leadership than she possesses at present; but there is a great difference between a general political anticipation and personal manoeuvres for a personal advantage. The virtues, as well as the prejudices, of the REGENT are therefore in the way of his pushing on the cause which the Reformers have at heart. But a still greater obstacle in their path is the opposition of what are technically known as the Kingdoms. Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover do not approve of any plan by which they are to be absorbed either in Austria or Prussia. They think themselves too big fish to be swallowed decently like the tiny Duchies which form the remainder of the German States. They are, however, aware that the Confederation cannot last; and they are, therefore, always busy with new schemes of their own. Their projects all come to the same end. There are to be three Powers in Germany—Austria, Prussia, and the remaining States under the guidance of the Kingdoms. All sorts of fanciful contrivances are imagined to carry out an idea to which it is so obviously impossible to give a practical shape. There are schemes for a Federal Court, schemes for a Federal military system, schemes for a Federal Commander in time of peace. These plans emanate from persons belonging to the different Governments that are influenced by these common hopes and fears; and it is worth observing that this time it is from Governments, or at least from the governing classes, that unpractical and pedantic proposals come, while the changes advocated by the reformers are based on an historical ground. In the final adjustment of the Confederation the jealousy felt by the Kingdoms towards Prussia is sure to find some expression, but we may be quite certain that none of the paper schemes of reform with which these Governments busy themselves can ever come to any issue whatever. The existing Confederation, although it has done excellent service in its time, has its transparent deficiencies; but it is a masterpiece of practical wisdom as compared with a plan for administering Germany by means of a tripartite Federal authority, so contrived that the bigger small States could unite to make Prussia as powerless as possible.

The Duke of SAXE-COBURG declares that, so far from being unwilling that Germany should assist Austria in the late war, he was using every effort to procure her effectual assistance, when he was stopped by the Peace of Villafranca. There is not the slightest reason to doubt his sincerity. With scarcely an exception, the minor German States were in favour of going to war if Austria was threatened with any danger to her lines of defence. The fact is, that Germany, unless united, is very weak, and offers an easy prey either to a French or a Russian invader. The North Germans can therefore never afford to break with Austria, or to neglect her when in danger; and Prussia, while choosing her path in the field of purely German politics, has always to keep before her mind the very probable contingency of a foreign war. When in England we hear of plans for giving Prussia the acknowledged leadership of Germany, we must remember that Prussia has alarmingly good grounds for thinking that she is to be the next victim of French aggression. The partisans of the EMPEROR long ago proclaimed that it was the intention of their master to work off Austria first, and then Prussia. If the war had been prolonged this year, Prussia would have joined Austria, and thus established a claim on Austria in case she herself is attacked. But France may manage to have another short war, and may find Prussia for the moment as isolated as Austria. The consciousness of the great danger to which she is thus exposed will, we may be sure, prevent Prussia from allowing the movement for Federal Reform to become a ground for ill-feeling between herself and the Power on whom, in her hour of danger, she will most rely. The war has also disclosed the very great peril in which Austria now stands. The world knows as well

as she knows that her existence is at stake. Her provinces have shown a spirit which it will be very difficult for her to subdue, and which, if not subdued, must lead to her disruption, or to her undergoing an entire transformation. She may lose Hungary and her Eastern provinces, in which case the leadership of Germany would be practically settled, as Austria would be little more than a second-rate Power. Or she may be the head of a group of provinces having a distinct existence of their own, in which case she would be no longer able to dispose of her non-German forces to maintain her German interests. The time, therefore, is evidently not come for any change in the present Federal system. Some arrangements may possibly be made in order to render the resources of the Confederation more immediately available in case of war; but until Prussia is released from the fear of a French war, and the internal constitution of Austria is settled, there can be no Federal change on a large scale or likely to be permanently acceptable. The Reformers are quite right to work in the direction in which the change must come when it does come, but the hour is not yet arrived when they can hope to see the reward of their labours.

LORD CANNING AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVANTS.

THE great *Libro d'Oro* of the old Indian Government is closed. Lord CANNING's Minute celebrates in a dignified, and solemn, and almost monumental tone the services of men who for months carried their lives in their hands, and have deserved worthily of their country. We can quite believe that it would have been possible to express the *éloge* of those distinguished servants of the East India Company in language more elaborate, and with a rhetorical flow more impassioned. But it is better as it is. Like the long, monotonous procession on a Greek frieze, the heroes are simply paraded. They fill the temple, but attitude, gesture, and deeds are much the same; and it is only by minute observation that any variety can be distinguished either in the men or in their great deeds. The statuesque character of this remarkable document is characteristic enough—its repose is suitable to the dignity of the subject. It was not so much by violent action and the tumultuous career of a heady fight that India was saved. No doubt the sweep of the avenging sword and the rapid march of CLYDE and his legions are not to be disparaged, but the work was done by the stern, compressed, Fabian energy of the brave defenders. When a single man held half a province by the mere sustaining, obstinate, calm energy of his own will—when it was enough to make fiery rebels and bloody-stained marauders of the Sepoy army feel that they were in the presence of a solitary civilian simply holding his post, as a rock against which all tumult simply broke in impotent waves—there was practically an end of the mutiny. Of all the pages in the world's history, those which relate to great defences, masterly retreats, and patient resistance to evil fortune are the most interesting. They display the higher moral qualities of man. To multiply examples would be impertinent and superfluous; but—to take only one of the latest instances—the defence of Portugal by WELLINGTON was a much greater deed than the Netherlands campaign; and great as undoubtedly were NAPOLEON's military powers, in his greatest reverses in Russia he was certainly unequal to the calamity. He failed under his only real test of character, and showed his lack of that which alone constitutes true heroism. It is comparatively easier—at least, it requires a different and inferior range of qualities—to head an invading army than to defend a difficult post. Mere animal and physical courage is not the highest, nor nearly the highest, human excellence.

And in estimating the great deeds of the Indian civil servants, we must bear in mind both how suddenly the storm fell upon them, and how entirely every official had to rely upon himself alone. Even numerical inferiority can, in certain emergencies, be made up for by superior intelligence, by definite and well-concerted arrangements, and by the mere bracing up of the nerves, and by that moral discipline which compels itself to great exertions in the expectation and certainty of a coming struggle. This is the sort of courage which is displayed, and often very nobly, by the defenders in a regular siege. But this was not the courage of those who held India. It was as in the other deluge. Men were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. The tone of society was said to be lax, the climate was enervating, the whole moral being of the civilians might be expected to be unstrung. It was under these conditions of social life that the tornado caught them. Each man was probably at his post; but more

than half a century of undisputed rule, the habit of despising elements of danger, an easy and often insolent contempt of the natives, and relations with the people which were of merely a fiscal nature, had given to each post held by judges, and commissioners, and collectors, if not an ornamental, still a mere routine character. Not a man of the whole service was trained for the coming trial, or even thought that the hour would come when his duties would be more severe or responsible than adjudging land claims and disputes. In its strict sense, responsibility was never present to the Indian mind. It was mere routine that was expected of the thinly-scattered officials. To incapacitate a man for answering sudden calls, few avocations can be imagined more certain to do their work than that of the Indian Civil Service.

So, too, when the day of trial came, there were other and special difficulties which beset these great men. In every ordinary circumstance of human vicissitude, courage can be sustained, fortitude stimulated, hope kept alive by sympathy. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friends. PASCAL said that the solitude of death was the bitterest pang of humanity; and because one must die alone, the end of life is its heaviest trial. In India every man had the prolonged experience of this trial—every man was in the daily presence of death, and always alone. Each was flung back upon the narrow and disheartening sense of personal weakness and inexperience—there was neither counsel nor sympathy in that great solitude. There was none of whom to ask advice, and on every man fell the weight, not only of new duties, but of duties calling out new habits of mind. For what was demanded from the civil servants? Sudden judgment in emergencies, the display of that passive resistance which was to tell upon wild and excited communities—the defence of untenable stations and the task of organizing levies. They had for the first time to decide upon character in the midst of a wavering and disaffected community, where every servant might be a traitor and murderer. These were the very things which they least understood. They had to unlearn the habits of a whole life, and to make a fresh start in mind and duties at a single sudden call.

Apart from the Civil servants themselves, whom the GOVERNOR-GENERAL commits to the honourable care of their countrymen, there are two reflections which this public and private recognition of their services suggests. It was the Company's service which made these men. Theirs are the old names connected with all the Indian traditions. It is in the second and third generation of EDMONSTONES, and NICHOLLS, and GRANTS, and MONEYS, and CARNACS, and COLVINS, and TUCKERS, and PROBYNS, that their descendants now appear on the muster-roll of the defenders of India. What the fathers won the sons have retained; and the same Honourable East India Company which appointed those who conquered India has produced those who have been more than its second conquerors. It may be that British energy, wherever called upon, would have made as good an answer, even had it not these ancestral recollections to fall back upon; but it cannot be gainsaid that these men were the Company's servants. The faults of the Company's government were the topics largely insisted upon a year or two ago—the answer of the Company is in the men whom it has produced. It is easy to say that the system did not make Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, or Mr. GRANT, or Mr. HALLIDAY; but it is quite as easy to say that it did make them, and it is indisputable that, whatever the vices of the system, those vices did not prevent their heroic achievements. It will be well for any model Government, single or double, or for any responsibility, divided or undivided, to produce such a series of facts as the defence of India. It was not Home Government and Imperial command that saved the Peninsula, but simply a system which we have destroyed in the very wantonness of rapine or despair. Anyhow, the best epitaph of the East India Company is Lord CANNING's Minute.

Nor ought the lesson to be thrown away in other quarters. The homesteads of England are about as well worth fighting for as the rice-swamps and indigo plantations of Hindostan; and the same cast of moral qualities which saved India is not altogether wanting to retain England. There is not a village squire who may not be a GUBBINS. The interests at stake are at least as large, and an invasion of England, merely as an enterprise, has not half the chances of a universal Indian rebellion. The English newspapers are read at least in the influential quarters of France; and Lord CANNING's Minute is something for even Emperors—and for such colonels as can read—both to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

SCEPTICISM.

THERE are several words and phrases expressing notions of great and permanent importance which have undergone a deflection of meaning in popular use that is much to be regretted, because the notion they ought to convey perishes out of the popular thought when the word or phrase has undergone this transmutation. One of the most conspicuous instances is that of "Scepticism." Ordinarily, scepticism is taken as being synonymous with disbelief. If a person is said to be a sceptic, without any further qualification, it is generally understood that he is a disbeliever in the Christian religion. We thus get two words to express what one of them sufficiently expressed before; for unbeliever, or its Latin equivalent "infidel," amply suffices to convey the notion of a person who considers that he is warranted in rejecting evidence which satisfies other persons. Scepticism properly means the attitude of intellectual hesitation—the position of a person who does not find sufficient ground to take unreservedly either side of a controversy. This intellectual hesitation, far from being a bad thing, is very often, so far as it goes, a good thing; for it arises from the appreciation of the complexity of the phenomena submitted to investigation, and from a determination not to cheat the mind itself and external observers by pretending to a greater certainty than is really possessed. It happens, from the circumstances of the times, that this attitude of intellectual hesitation prevails widely at present, and forms a very natural, and in some respects valuable, element in the composition of modern society. We propose to say a few words as to the mode in which it works; but it must be understood that it is only of scepticism in this sense that we are speaking. With scepticism in the sense of a disbelief in revelation we have nothing to do.

In the middle of the nineteenth century we find ourselves in face of problems which have presented themselves almost for the first time to mankind—problems, the solution of which, as we can see, will alter the current of human thought, but which we cannot yet pretend to solve. The eighteenth century displayed great originality and liveliness of thought, but it jumped to its conclusions much too quickly. We cannot now accept the fiction of a social contract, or the doctrine of the superiority of a state of nature, or the theory that geographical position determines absolutely manners and laws. We now look on such matters in a very different way from that in which they were regarded a century ago. We say that in all these theories there was some truth, or that their historical existence has contributed to the apprehension of truth, but we do not think that they are true. We have learnt that all the facts of society, and therefore of the various branches of philosophy that deal with the position of man on earth, are very complicated. We begin to be aware how very fragmentary human knowledge is, and how enormous must be the labour gone through before we can even get so far as to reject what in our supposed knowledge is erroneous. We are sensible that before pronouncing an opinion even on points that lie on the surface of social and political life, we must accumulate carefully sifted facts that illustrate the subject in as many points of view as we can conveniently regard it. For example, it is an opinion widely entertained in England that the Celtic races are incapable of free government, while the Asiatic races are capable of embracing a pure form of Christianity. But on what facts does this opinion rest? It may be true, or it may not. We are not now passing any opinion on its truth. But this is exactly one of those current opinions which pass like water over the sceptical mind. A person inclined to intellectual hesitation asks for the evidence on which it rests. He sees that it flatters the pride of Englishmen to assert that none but Teutonic races are fit for free institutions, and that it stimulates religious zeal to believe that Hindoos are likely to become intelligent disciples of the Church of England. But although these considerations explain why the opinion is held, they do not in the least show that it ought to be held. A sceptic would like to set the successes and failures of the Celts in search of liberty against the successes and failures of missionaries, and have it distinctly ascertained why ultimate success is to be considered probable in one case more than the other. It must be remembered that a sceptic is not in the least debarred from acting. On the contrary, as he is not satisfied with apparently adverse arguments, he is more free to act than a person more hasty in forming intellectual judgments. He will say, "I do not see the evidence of your Celtic theory; but, as I believe free government in itself good, I shall do all I can, by sympathy and peaceful co-operation, to aid the return of freedom in France." On the other hand, he sees no evidence to show either that the Hindoos are likely to be converted or not. But he may be an ardent Christian, and he may therefore say, "It is my duty to ascertain whether the religion of Christ was or was not meant to be embraced by the present or oncoming generations of Asiatics."

Undoubtedly, the habit which sceptics have of putting the facts of a case as clearly before their minds as they can, is not popular. Most readers or hearers detest speculations that do not come to a conclusion; and, therefore, they do all they can to force or encourage writers and speakers to tack conclusions on to sceptical discourses. The form that these conclusions generally take is that of moral remarks—for, as well as against, which there is certainly much to be said. Let us suppose the subject of discussion is the Life and Writings of Goethe. The sceptic says to himself, that his first business is to try to under-

stand what Goethe meant, how he came to say it, what temporary influences he was under, how far he really introduced novelties into modern thought. In fact, the sceptic begins by taking stock of his subject. He devotes himself to ascertaining what is in it. When he has done this, he can easily see that a further inquiry opens itself—how the subject, as thus investigated and analysed, stands to English thought, English traditions, and English notions of right and wrong? But he perceives that this is a subsequent and independent inquiry, which, to be worth anything, will take him very far afield. He is therefore inclined to stop, and merely to commit himself so far as he has made sure of his ground. He rather prefers, perhaps, to leave Goethe as he finds him, and not to judge him by the English standard. Not so the person who longs for a conclusion, and would miss his moral remarks if they were absent. He wishes to append a summary of the points in which Englishmen disagree with Goethe. And there is a great deal to be said in behalf of this course. It may be urged that if a mere statement of facts goes forth, the ordinary reader will believe, however erroneously, that the theories stated as held by Goethe are also entertained by the writer, and that the facts in Goethe's life recorded as history are really considered as honourable and praiseworthy. We should all of us be surprised if the Archbishop of Canterbury published, without a word of comment, an accurate analysis of the works of Bellarmine. Every Englishman must, in the same way, be bound to justify the position which Englishmen generally take up on points of morality, and as we disapprove of the theory of *Elective Affinities*, we ought to say so. The sceptic has no other reply than that these protests of morality and right thinking, which no one wishes on his own behalf or considers at all necessary for himself, but only desires for other people, are rather wearisome. They are only common forms which are inserted to make the unprofessional public recognise the conventional cut in the writing submitted to them. If a real attempt were made to estimate the proper influence which Goethe ought to have in England, something very different would have to be done from interspersing moral remarks. Serious questions would have to be entered on, and the inquiry, to be made satisfactorily, must be made fearlessly. Therefore the sceptic prefers letting the facts he has accumulated stand without any comment. We do not mean to say that we agree with him in this. We rather incline to the side of the moral-remark man. But it ought to be understood that the position of the sceptic is totally different from that of a person who wishes to advocate or sanction a loose morality.

Impartiality and an honest love of truth, a disposition not to think either better or worse of men and things than evidence warrants—these are the chief points in which a sceptic excels, and in which his excellence is calculated to benefit society. But his habit of mind has also one minor effect which is worth noticing. It tends powerfully to keep up the prestige and influence of first-rate intellects. The sceptic appreciates how much must be gone through before any one has a right to an opinion on any difficult point. He therefore sets himself resolutely to discountenance the very popular notion that one person's opinion is as good as another's. In science, the enormous labour and the high faculties that have been required to place the leading men in Europe where they now stand are so notorious, that few persons think their scientific opinions as good as the opinions of a great European celebrity. There may be Englishmen—but there cannot be many—who would venture to contradict Professor Owen on a question of comparative anatomy. But there are many departments of thought in which the superiority of the few is not nearly so conspicuous; and it is here that the influence of the sceptic is so valuable. He is so accustomed to see the difficulties of things that he knows how much must have been read and thought by a person who seems to be but one out of several good authorities on a subject on which many persons are moderate authorities. For example, the Currency is a subject on which hundreds, whether they have ever been in a bank or not, whether they have read or not on the subject, are as certain they are perfectly and infallibly right as they are certain of their own age. They have not the slightest difficulty in setting aside the opinions of Lord Overstone, or Mr. Glyn, or Mr. Mill. The sceptic is utterly incapable of proceeding in this way. He knows that the chances are enormous that a person of practical experience, of extensive reading, and acute intelligence is more in the right than a person who does not possess those advantages. Accordingly, in a quiet way he determines that no one shall persuade him, or, so far as he can help it, shall persuade others, that Lord Overstone is wrong, unless he shows himself the equal of Lord Overstone in knowledge and ability. This is what makes a society really elevated. In America, or in a provincial circle, the public believe that the loudest man of their own vicinity is right; and if they know that celebrities exist in the line in which their favourite shines, their only feeling is that their favourite would smash the celebrities in a quarter of an hour's argument. But in the great European centres of intellect, the sceptical spirit is so strong that the really first-rate authority is always upheld in the main. The highest possible standard is fixed; and sceptics who are not prepared themselves to defend any precise opinion, are still determined that no opinion shall have currency and permanent effect unless it comes from persons who, by their mode of dealing with their subject, have shown themselves worthy to have an opinion.

We do not mean to say that the intellectual character of the

sceptic strikes us as anything but one-sided. No character is complete without enthusiasm, and the sceptic and the enthusiast stand opposed to each other. In every man one of the two elements will prevail, and if scepticism prevails exclusively, the result is very barren. For scepticism is attended with two great drawbacks. In the first place, it tends to make men disbelieve that anything is wrong. So much may be said for everything that it is hard practically to condemn or detest anything. Of course it is not every one who has the habit of intellectual hesitation that is also prone to consider bad things as tolerably good, but we do not doubt that this is a tendency of scepticism, and one which, if scepticism showed itself unalloyed, would appear prominently. In the next place, scepticism conduces to inaction. There is no reason why sceptical persons should not act, for there are many other motives to action besides intellectual certainty; but at any rate, as intellectual convictions tend to make men act, the absence of them tends to make men reluctant to act. But fortunately scepticism and enthusiasm are rarely found wholly apart. Most enthusiasts have some common sense. Most sceptics have some enthusiasm. A sceptical mind tinged with enthusiasm seems to us to be the best for dealing with the questions of our day. Mr. Hallam supplies an almost perfect instance of the order of mind that we mean. And not unfrequently sceptics are rather more inclined to make much of their feelings than men quicker in arriving at a conclusion. The sceptics are wearied with intellectual difficulties, and cling to all that is poetical and beyond argument. Nor can we ever separate sceptics from the society to which they belong. Theoretically a sceptic may be inclined to find excuses for wrong-doing, and to content himself with inactivity; but practical life, the ties of family, the duties of a profession, bring before him a hundred things which he feels obliged to avoid and denounce, and supply him with innumerable motives for bestirring himself. In conclusion, we may observe that we do not see the slightest disconnection between scepticism and religion. It is true that one species of religious argument falls rather faintly on the sceptic's ear. There are controversialists who delight in showing that there are fifty good reasons against Christianity, and fifty-one for it. The sceptic generally feels that the fifty-first argument is rather weak. But religious belief very rarely, if ever, really depends on any one thinking the fifty-first argument a good one. If one thing is more plain in the religious teaching of the Bible than another, it is that religion proves itself. Things spiritual are spiritually discerned. Why a sceptic should be supposed to reject well-ascertained spiritual facts, we cannot conceive. By a sceptic we do not mean a person who after dinner is uncertain whether his stomach is full. He feels full, and there is an end of it. So too with religious emotions, and especially with prayer. A man thirsts after righteousness, and is filled. He feels full, and there is an end of it. The sceptic has a distinct fact, and as far as the fact goes he accepts it unhesitatingly. It is true that there are religious systems which, by irritating the mind in its moments of intellectual investigation, alienate it from religious things altogether. The Church of Rome, by her niggling interference, has driven hundreds and thousands of persons out of scepticism, in its proper sense of intellectual hesitation, into scepticism in its improper sense of actual infidelity. But this is the fault of the system; and we will venture to say that of all ecclesiastical systems that ever appeared on the earth, the Church of England of the present day is the best fitted to keep persons inclined to intellectual hesitation honestly in its fold. In this form of religion, more than in any other, are found the elements that are best calculated to conciliate and satisfy the intellect—historical dignity, practical efficiency, a union of poetry and common sense, and an admirable absence of the spirit of interference.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

MANY great men feel that, after all, they have mistaken themselves, and in the evening of life complain that their successes are rather a happy accident than the consequences of their real bent and genius. Cicero felt that his true vocation was poetry; the late Mr. Liston was firmly assured that he was a great tragedian wasted; and it was a life-long vexation to Goethe that he had frittered away powers on *Faust* which might have made him the great natural philosopher of his age. Our distinguished Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, has the same quarrel with the unpropitious destinies of life. Indirectly, and perhaps only incidentally, in his recent lecture to the Wolverhampton Young Men's Christian Institute on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Christianity, he makes his substantial plaint against fortune. Taste and inclination would, he seems to say, have made him a distinguished dissenting preacher; but an unfortunate ability has forced him into the uncongenial and unnatural sphere of a great lawyer. He is Attorney-General, and he intends to be Lord Chancellor; but

How sweet a Stiggins is in Bethell lost!

"Sweet," we say, because what most recommends the Gospel to the lawyer is its inculcation of the charities and affections. Impressed, however, as the lecturer is by the benign graces of the Gospel, the aspect of Christianity which he especially selects for its highest eulogy betrays, we think, that bias which the learned gentleman's own experience of life would not unnaturally press upon him. He is himself a distinguished instance of success. He looks about for the cause, and he finds it in his Christianity

and amenity of temper. Christianity, he tells us, has many advantages. It has inculcated a sublime morality; but this is not its especial and distinguishing glory. The Stoics preached, and now and then practised, an austere life. A good many heathens have been remarkable, both in system and practice, for the virtues of temperance, industry, and fortitude. What, then, is "the great characteristic distinction of Christianity?" One would have thought, if it was not its practical, it was perhaps its doctrinal aspect. Not so, according to the Attorney-General. It is because "Christianity, above all religions that ever existed, is fitted to ensure our success in this life;" and further, "The principle of love, derived from Christianity, is one of the best and most sure modes of securing even temporary success in life"—by which expression we presume (for we can pardon a verbal blunder in a first sermon) that the learned Christian advocate meant "temporal success in life."

This is, we must say, looking at the Gospel in a new light. Envious minds might suggest that the Attorney-General has got up Christianity hastily, as he sometimes gets up—or as at least some lawyers get up—their briefs, and that he has not quite had time to go into the case. But there are two reasons which confirm us in the impression that Sir Richard Bethell is quite convinced that this is the true meaning and purpose of Christianity. First, it is the sort of view which would suggest itself to a successful man; and next, the reverend and learned lecturer bases his theory on the strong ground of conviction and personal assurance. It comes to this—Sir Richard Bethell is a successful man, and he is also a sound Christian. We take these to be facts; and there is a solid guarantee for their assumption. As for the one, we know that he is Attorney-General, and for the other, we have the irrefragable evidence both of his own statement and of universal opinion. "If," as he remarks, with the unction of a Wesleyan detailing his experience in class-meeting—"if I were to look back on my own life, and derive from it anything like a lesson for the guidance or instruction of others, I should say that of all the success that individually I have met with in my career, I should ascribe the greater part not to any possession of any particular ability, but to the favour produced when I have had it in my power to confer any advantage or kindness on others." That is to say, the blessing of Christian love animating my career, and the benevolence and kindness of my character always prompting me to deeds of Christian charity, have attracted such an amount of Christian sympathy, that these spiritual graces, not my legal attainments and forensic skill, have made me Attorney-General. This testimony to the power of the Gospel is complete as well as characteristic. Sir Richard has tried it. It has made him Attorney-General; and therefore he is quite justified in saying broadly, that "above all religions that ever existed, Christianity is fitted to ensure success in life."

There are some little difficulties about this view, though we dare not urge them in the face of Sir Richard's experimental religion. We scarcely know how to bring it into exact harmony with that Book which is generally thought to present a fair estimate of Christianity and a reliable promise of what is likely to come of it. At first sight, the Bible and Sir Richard hardly tell the same story. But then, as the Wolverhampton lecturer would say, Christians have a right to differ. A variety of sects and denominations, he says, "was intended to accomplish a wise end;" though it is generally thought that there are some texts which seem to say that the intention was "that they might be one." But one Christian has, according to this accommodating theory, quite as good a right to his view of the object and design of Christianity as another. The Sermon on the Mount says one thing, but the Lecture in St. George's Hall, Wolverhampton, may reasonably, on the Attorney-General's "theory," say another. For example, the Attorney-General holds that Christianity is pre-eminently "fitted to ensure success in life." But what says the Book and the Author of Christianity? "Blessed are the poor in spirit—they that mourn—the meek—they which are persecuted, reviled, and against whom all manner of evil is said." Then, again, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of Heaven!" And then there is something about "taking no thought for the morrow;" and the Apostle says very hard things about those who identify godliness with gain. All this looks as if Christianity were not exactly intended to ensure success in life; or, at any rate, its Divine Founder and His successors hardly looked upon it as a religion which would, to speak familiarly, pay on the temporal estimate of it. And there is another difficulty about the Attorney-General's view. He says that Christianity is especially adapted to get men on in the world. As a fact, however, most people do not get on in the world. We have only one Attorney-General at a time, and seldom more than half a dozen living specimens of gentlemen who have filled that distinguished post. What, then, more plain than that, as everybody is a Christian in England, while very few "attain success in life," Christianity is a very egregious failure? If Christianity was especially designed for universal acceptance, and also especially designed to ensure success in life, then, as the successful men at any one period may be counted by scores, the conclusion, to any mind less disposed than our great lawyer to take rose-coloured views of the Gospel, would be to abandon a religion which was intended to do what unquestionably it has not done.

But, as we have said, we have no right to urge this apparent contradiction between Bethell and the Bible, or between Bethell

and fact, because Sir Richard appeals to the irresistible experimental ground. He knows the Gospel, and the Gospel has made him what he is; and a more remarkable proof of what one might call the elastic power of the Gospel it were difficult to conceive. Saints, martyrs, confessors, missionaries, sisters of charity, founders of hospitals—those who have given up all for the sake of religion, those who have given life and means to the brethren—have been usually considered the triumphs of the Cross. But its last and best is a Whig Attorney-General, and that Attorney-General is Sir Richard Bethell; and Sir Richard assures us that, looking back at his own life, Christian love has been the motive and cause of his success. One can hardly think that the age of miracles has passed. Christianity, being, as we believe, eminently adapted to human nature, now takes a nineteenth century aspect, and the Christian Young Man of Wolverhampton is assured that it "clothes his mind with those accomplishments that are likely to ensure success in life." The religion that can make a successful lawyer can certainly do anything.

On the other hand, though Sir Richard Bethell does not, in the particulars which we have suggested, quite coincide with the current estimate of the original purpose of Christianity, yet in another particular we find the vulgar view of the Gospel supported, if not by his preaching, certainly by his practice. Christianity—and it is generally said to be a characteristic of it—delights in hidden saints, counsels secret virtues, and bids men be other and better than they seem to be. Far should we be from saying that Christianity has not a very honest and sincere votary in her Majesty's Attorney-General; but the grace for which we should have canonized him would hardly be that which Sir Richard signalizes as the "great principle of Christian conduct—namely, the principle of love and mutual affection," to which "in looking back on his own life, he should say, that he should ascribe all the success he has individually met with in his career." Here is certainly the religion of the closet. Sir Richard's highest attainments are clearly his private and secret virtues. Sir Richard Bethell illustrating the law of love and mutual affection, suggests as curious reflections as would an assurance from the Emperor of France that he wears sackcloth and fasts every Friday. No doubt Sir Richard knows himself. He may have become Attorney-General because the Gospel was intended for the manufacture of successful lawyers, and because his whole life has been dedicated to the principle of love and mutual affection. What we have at any rate to congratulate him upon is the exact and literal fulfilment of certain Evangelical precepts and duties which, hard to discharge separately, have been found still more difficult to discharge in combination. He not only practises secret virtues, but he lets his light—a burning and a shining one—shine out before his Parliamentary constituents, and he has shown that, as Christianity can do anything, it can even make an electioneering speech.

THE SCARCITY OF CAVALRY OFFICERS.

"FORTY-THREE Cornetries vacant in Her Majesty's Cavalry, and no candidates to fill them"—such was the somewhat startling statement which appeared a few weeks ago in the columns of the *Times*, and as it was made on the strength of a letter from General Peel to the Lords of the Treasury, there is no reason to doubt its accuracy. Ten years ago it was necessary for a candidate for a commission in a cavalry regiment to have his name put down on the Commander-in-Chief's list at least two or three years previously to the time at which he might hope to don her Majesty's uniform. Admission to the cavalry, at that time, was only to be gained after a period of probation almost as long as that necessary for qualification at White's or Arthur's. Commissions without purchase, in the ante-Crimean days of swallow-tailed coats and gold epaulettes, were rarely, if ever, bestowed, except as the reward of long and meritorious service upon a few fortunate non-commissioned officers. "John Snoggins, gent., to be cornet without purchase," was an announcement which, if seen in the *Gazette*, would have been gazed upon with an astonishment only equal to that with which the Hansom cabman eyes a sixpence proffered him by an elderly gentleman for a long mile fare. At the present day, an embryo Cardigan may forward to the Military Secretary a letter of recommendation for a commission from "some person of standing known to H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief," at the beginning of one week, and may experience the delight of seeing his name figure in the *Gazette* at the end of the next. And, if his tailor be expeditious in the completion of his uniform, and he himself be willing to forego the usual two months' leave before joining, granted for the purpose of bidding farewell to the ancestral penates and of exhibiting the elegant set-off given to the figure by uniform before admiring sisters and envious little brothers, he may have donned his war-paint in earnest, and have enjoyed the pleasurable sensation of jogging round the riding-school without stirrups, before the expiration of a month from the time of his first application to the Horse Guards. The limit formerly in force as to the age for entering the cavalry has been now extended to twenty-five; so that grey-haired subalterns are no longer an anomaly, and the arrival of a new cornet with the accompaniments of a wife and family has ceased to afford matter for chaff in the mess-room. Instances of the bestowal of

commissions without purchase are no longer by any means rare. In most cavalry regiments are to be found at least two or three cornets who have obtained their commissions in this manner; and the hair of old gentlemen at the military clubs has ceased to stand on end when they read of such appointments in the *Gazette*.

Yet, notwithstanding all the apparent inducements offered by the cavalry service of the present day, the Minister of War is forced, almost piteously, to exclaim that forty-three cornetcies remain vacant. The demand for the commodity is no longer equal to the supply. There is no disguising the fact—commissions in the cavalry are going a-begging; and the present state of things seems the more strange when contrasted with the eager manner in which, a few years ago, the same appointments were sought after, and the comparative difficulty which was then experienced in obtaining them.

It may, however, be questioned whether the reason of the present slackness in the cornet market is to be found in any one of the causes to which it is commonly assigned. It certainly is to no lack of military spirit in the nation that the dearth of applicants for cavalry commissions is owing. The enthusiasm displayed in most parts of the country on the subject of the formation of volunteer rifle corps shows that there is no want of ambition on the part of Young England for the honour of enhancing one's personal attractions by a military uniform, and of adding the phenomenon of Captain to the family Smith or Brown. Nor can the present state of things be with justice charged to the mere expense of the cavalry service. True, this is considerably greater than in the infantry; but compared with the state of things ten years ago, when a cornetcy in a crack regiment was the great object of ambition to embryo lords and country gentlemen, it has undergone no increase. The grievance of giving an officer so much pay, and mulcting him of nearly one-half of his annual allowance on various pretexts, is no new one. It is no new thing for Government, while saying that a band of music is essential to the credit and appearance of every regiment, to force officers to pay for its maintenance—not a single farthing, nor even an instrument, being contributed at the public expense towards it. Nor is it a modern innovation, while nominally allowing an officer forage for the chargers which he is compelled to keep, to deduct from his pay the price of such forage. These customs, grievances though they be, are, with all their attendant expenses, of old standing. Nor are the incidental expenses of a cavalry regiment greater now than in former times. Mess dinners are not more luxurious than they were twelve years ago; champagne and claret are not imbibed in greater profusion; subscriptions to hounds and race-meetings do not make more numerous inroads upon the young subaltern's purse; team-driving and hunting are not more frequent sources of peril to pocket and limb; card-playing and betting are not more rife than of old. Though tailor influence still retains some traces of its former sway at the Horse Guards, uniform is now less expensive than in the days of hussar pelisses and gold epaulettes. The money given for commissions above regulation price (heinous sin! unknown to pure-minded Commanders-in-Chief and War Ministers) has in most regiments considerably decreased in amount; while 150-guinea chargers have now only a mythical existence and an historical interest. In fact, any one tolerably acquainted with the present state of social life in the army well knows, that though the halcyon days when an officer is to live on his pay may still be far distant, a man may live much more cheaply in the cavalry in '59 than he could have done in '49. Yet, at that time, those very appointments which are now a drug in the market, were eagerly sought after by men of family and property. The scarecrow of expense seldom frightened away an Englishman from a pursuit on which he had really set his heart. The expenses of a cavalry regiment are not greater, though perhaps more general, than those of college life; yet parents have little hesitation in exposing their sons to the temptations of Oxford or Cambridge.

Nor is it quite fair, as the *Times* in a recent article seemed inclined to do, to charge that—by some much be- praised, by others much abused—institution of examinations with all the blame. Heaven knows they have enough to answer for without the weight of their sins being increased! By some, indeed, they are looked upon as the panacea for all evils in Church and State; and this would seem to be so much the view of the legislating classes at the present day, that life now presents itself to the juvenile mind chiefly in the shape of a dreary vista of examinations, with a yawning grave to terminate the view, while by others they are regarded as one of the most portentous among other symptoms of England's approaching downfall. But of the crime alleged against them in the present instance, they are, if not wholly, at least to a great extent, innocent. The amount of knowledge required at the examination of candidates for commissions is so slight, that few indeed would regard its attainment as an insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of their hopes. An acquaintance with a small part of *Euclid* and the common rules of arithmetic, and a power of writing and spelling correctly from dictation, are sufficient to carry any one in safety through the clutches of the Council of Military Education. By almost any one educated at a public school the ordeal can be passed with ease; or, should the youthful aspirant for military fame be dubious of his own powers, he can find the nearest approach to "a royal road to knowledge" yet discovered by consulting the advertising columns of the *Times*, and selecting there-

from one of that numerous class who nobly offer their services in aid of uneducated humanity, accurately, though not euphoniously, entitled "crammers." With such aids at hand, and a very small amount of ability on their own part, few who are really anxious to enter the service need regard the preliminary examination as an impassable Rubicon. One may certainly be unwilling to entertain so low a view of our English system of education as to suppose it incapable of knocking the small amount of knowledge required into even a dunce's brain.

If, then, the present glut of cornetcies is owing neither to the expenses of the cavalry nor to a dread of an examination holding out no prospect but that of an ignominious "pluck," the question recurs, how it is that young men can no longer be found, as formerly, willing and eager to accept these appointments? The answer is probably not to be found in any one cause regarded solely by itself. The plurality of causes is an element which must be taken perhaps even more into consideration in political and social than in scientific questions. Practically, no less than logically, it is true that the sum of the antecedents produces the consequent. In the present case, though neither of the reasons above-mentioned—dread of expense and the terrors of an impending examination—can, taken simply, be regarded as accounting for the phenomenon in question, it may be found that, in combination with other causes, they unite in producing the present undeniable distaste for the cavalry service. Formerly young men of fortune entered the cavalry as a means of pleasantly passing their time for a few years. It was looked upon much in the same light as making the grand tour in the youthful days of our fathers. After a few years of a public school, and two or three terms of college, a short service in the cavalry was regarded as giving the finishing touch to the education of a gentleman, before settling down in the steadiness of married life, and succeeding to the family title or property. Younger sons of noblemen or of wealthy commoners, with some small means of their own, were also frequently induced to select the cavalry as a profession. It was a gentlemanly occupation, more suitable to many than the Church, and pleasanter to most than the Bar. It held out the prospect of considerable enjoyment, and afforded an opportunity of seeing the world, getting into good society, and making pleasant friends. True, it offered no pecuniary advantages, but it gave nearly interest for the money invested in it, and, trusting to the generosity of elder brothers for the purchase of their troops, they might get through life with considerable ease and enjoyment to themselves, and perhaps have the good fortune to win the hand of a rich heiress. But those sunshiny days of the cavalry officer are for ever passed away. The army no longer, in these days of Aldershots, and Colchesters, and Curraghs, affords an idle lounge for the man of fortune. Pleasant little out-quarters, where uniform need scarcely be worn more than once in six days, are now matters of past history, told of in melancholy and regretful tones, over the after-dinner port, by grey-haired majors to eagerly listening subalterns, who inwardly curse the modern innovation of massing troops. Lord de Tracey, with his Norman pedigree and his broad acres in the midland counties, will see the army a long way before he runs the risk of catching rheumatism by being forced to spend the greater part of his life in a six-foot-round tent at Aldershot. He cannot appreciate the enjoyments of an existence of perpetual drill and field-days, diversified occasionally by a three days' march into the interior, there to encamp for a few nights, destitute alike of tub and French cook. Military duties which debar him from his day's hunting or his month's partridge shooting have few charms for him. Amateur campaigning may be very good fun for generals and staff officers, but it does not suit the tastes of a youthful peer whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. He does not see the fun of being badgered in this way. If he sighs after the splendours of uniform, why, he can get a troop any day in his own county yeomanry, and his tunic will look all the better for being innocent of the dust of Aldershot. Perhaps, too, a faint idea crosses his mind, that an additional worry and vexation of spirit would await him in the preparation required for the examination prior to his obtaining a commission. So he lets the cornetcy his friends want him to take go to the winds. He'll see the Horse Guards, Military Secretary, and all, somewhere, before he makes a slave of himself for their gratification.

"And a good riddance," exclaims some ardent military reformer; "we want men in the army who will make it a profession, and not come into it merely to lounge away an idle year or two." But, unfortunately, no inducements are held out to such men to enter the service. The changes lately made in the management of the army, though undoubtedly tending greatly to increase its general efficiency, have not gone far enough. The army, and more particularly the cavalry, is now, in one sense, too much, in another, too little, of a profession. In former days the cavalry enjoyed an immunity from the knocking-about to which it is now, together with the other branches of the service, subjected. Severer duties are now-a-days exacted from the cavalry officer, and some acquaintance with his profession is required of him. Examinations are requisite, not only on first appointment, but for subsequent promotion. But though the standard of work has been raised, the inducements to diligence have not undergone a proportionate increase. As far as hard work and professional knowledge are concerned, the army can now almost vie in its requirements with the learned professions; but in the prospects of advancement or the chances of reward offered

to merit and diligence, it falls miserably below them. The incipient barrister can while away his weary hours of poring over musty parchments by dreams of the bench and the woolstack; the poor curate can lighten his parochial labours by aspirations after a canonry or a bishopric; but the cavalry subaltern can look forward to no other reward for years of long, and perhaps dangerous, service, than the scarcely enviable position of a general on about 300*l.* a year, for the attainment of which position he will in all probability have sunk a capital of from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*—a sum which is absolutely and for ever lost to him. It is no matter of wonder, then, that with such poor prospects of reward open to them, few men of energy and talent should be willing to adopt the cavalry as a profession. Merit stands a man in little stead in the British army. The few prizes that exist are for the most part bestowed by jobbery. Clerks and tailors (as was lately seen in the notorious Marshall case) are to a great extent our military rulers. A friend at the Horse Guards, or a long bill with a fashionable tailor, may do more for an officer than all the merit and ability in the world. The power of writing self-laudatory letters has been said to go far towards obtaining a Victoria Cross; and possibly the adoption of the same method might prove the shortest road to a staff appointment. By the more laborious duties now-a-days exacted from cavalry officers the door has been shut against aristocratic and wealthy idleness; but it has not yet been opened, by a prospect of just and adequate remuneration, to plebeian enterprise and talent. Rich men will prefer some other mode of spending their money than one which brings with it no slight deprivation of their amusements and personal comforts; poor men will scarcely be induced to enter a profession in which, while of necessity incurring considerable expense, they have little chance of advancement or emolument. The class of men upon whom we formerly relied for the officering of our cavalry regiments has been scared away from the service, yet nothing has been done to encourage poorer and more hard-working men to fill the vacant post. Dives has forsaken us, yet Lazarus refuses the crumbs which have fallen from his table.

It may be urged that these arguments apply no less to the infantry than to the cavalry service, and yet that there is no difficulty in filling the vacant ensigncies. Without, however, suggesting the possibility that the infantry may perhaps ten years hence be similarly circumstanced to the cavalry at the present time, it is not difficult to show a considerable difference between the two services. The contrast between the infantry as it is and the infantry as it was is not so marked as in the case of the cavalry. Infantry regiments were always liable to harder usage than cavalry, and consequently the present increased duties of the army do not appear so novel to officers of this branch of the service. The prospects of advancement in the infantry are also somewhat greater than in the cavalry—almost all the great prizes of the army being bestowed upon infantry-men. In fact, at all times, if neither of the scientific corps appeared preferable, the infantry has been the service adopted generally by those who wished to make the army a real profession. Again, the expenses, both necessary and incidental, of the infantry are considerably less than those of the cavalry; and though in former times this consideration may have been of little moment, at the present day, when the altered state of the service has made people of wealth cease to look upon the position of a military officer as an enviable one, it becomes of considerable importance. Men of moderate means cannot afford the heavy expenses of the cavalry, and as these now constitute by far the greater proportion of those who are likely to enter the army, it follows that the bulk of applicants for commissions are driven to the infantry. But besides the causes hitherto mentioned, another, and by no means unimportant reason for the greater unpopularity of the cavalry at the present time is to be found in the comparative disfavour into which, unhappily, our cavalry service has fallen since the Crimean war. Whether it arose from the nature of the campaign not allowing sufficient scope for the display of our cavalry powers, or from the mismanagement of those to whose hands it was committed, there can be no doubt that the war in the East tended considerably to the disparagement of this branch of our service, and that the supposed inefficiency of the cavalry, as shown by the events of the war, has combined with other causes to produce a backwardness on the part of young men of the present day to accept commissions in cavalry regiments. Whether this feeling be justly grounded or not, it is remarkable that it is not confined to this country. With the best horses in Europe, we have the reputation of having the worst cavalry. Though France sends to us for grooms and jockeys, we have been forced to go to Germany for a system of military riding. An English stud, an English groom, English hounds, and English huntsmen, are objects eagerly sought after by Continental noblemen. The grassy sward of Chantilly and the plains of the Roman Campagna bear testimony to the superiority of English horsemanship; yet the English dragoon is an object of mingled pity and contempt among Continental Caridgians. It was the boast of the great Napoleon that, "did he possess our horses, he would easily beat our men."

Whether the disfavour with which the cavalry is now regarded be likely to be permanent or not, time alone will show. It may be that it is merely a phenomenon of the moment, produced by partial and temporary causes, which, with their result, will ere long pass away. But if this be not the case, it will become the

serious duty of the military authorities to take some measures which, by rendering the cavalry service more attractive to poor and hard-working men, may prevent the race of cornets from becoming altogether extinct.

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

AMONG all the nations of Europe we bear the bell, not only in that wider sense of popular swagger in which we have a monopoly of the valour, religion, and political and commercial intelligence of Christendom, but in the narrower and etymological interpretation of the phrase. England has elevated bells and bell-ringing into the rank of a science. We have excoigated both the thing and the name of Campanology. Guilds and solemn brotherhoods have devoted themselves to the noble and national art of bell-ringing. The Lancashire youths survive to trouble the minds of the ignorant with the mysterious record of ten thousand changes executed in a true peal of grandire trebles in the incredibly short—or, as it seems to the uninitiated, the frightfully tedious—time of seven hours, fourteen minutes, and five seconds. Such feats, garnished with esoteric technicalities of triple-bob major, constitute one of our special boasts. To be sure, there are certain drawbacks to our national supremacy. We have by no means the biggest bells in the world, but then we are soothed with the reflection that the Great Bell of Moscow was never raised, and was, so to speak, still-born. Yet the barbarian Burmese and Chinese beat us hollow in the completeness of their bells, both as regards the metal and their elaborate ornaments; and with all our peal-ringing we scarcely ever matched the sweet monotony of the noble Flemish carillons, which—

As the evening shades descend,
Low and loud, and sweetly blend;
Low at times, and loud at times,
Ring the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Still, we glory in our bells; and as we are a Conservative and a reviving generation, we built a tower for the great Bell of the future, without pausing to count the cost. Such a campanile as the great Westminster Clock Tower never did the earth behold. It recalled the awful memory of that unjust Judge who was compelled to build the first Westminster belfry; and it cost Sir Charles Barry and the British nation not a little money and abuse. But it was built; and, refulgent in gold and purple, the stupendous shrine of the great bell at last dominated over London. We did not quite like the bill, but everybody was satisfied that the bell would make up for it. Here, however, our real troubles commenced. Human foresight and skill did everything to insure the perfection of the bell and its clock, or the clock and its bell—for we are doubtful of the etiquette—and so we consigned the affair to the skill of an amateur. In this we were sure, of course, to be right. This was the really clever thing, because in this way we avoided every chance of being imposed upon. When a man is his own lawyer, his own builder, and his own physician, everybody knows that, as he escapes the venality and trickery of the professional and commercial rogue, he always succeeds. So would it be with the great clock and bell; and, accordingly, we sent for Mr. Denison, or, rather, Mr. Denison came without being sent for. Now, Mr. Denison is a gentleman not without a solid sense of his own importance and abilities. Had he not devoted serious nights and thoughtful days to the mysteries of clock and bell? Was he not the Quasimodo of his time? Was he not so imbued with the subject of his meditations that he had himself become a sort of embodied harmony, and the very model of well-regulated propriety and accuracy and reliability? What we were sure of was to get a clock to keep time as well as Mr. Denison was always known to keep his temper. We were to be blessed with a bell as sweet and harmonious as Mr. Denison's manner of speech—because, as is the man, so is his workmanship. *Fortes creantur fortibus*—sweets to the sweet, and sweets from the sweet.

To be sure, Mr. Denison did not actually manipulate the clock and bell. He only did the design, and calculations, and all the theory and paper-work, and put himself *en rapport* with the vulgar and mechanical men of trade. But where he is, it is almost superfluous to say that he is the presiding genius. This, indeed, is the lofty prerogative of your man of theory. He designs—his subordinates execute. We take it that the mere professional people with whom Mr. Denison associated himself are extremely anxious that his and their several positions should be as generally understood as they are, no doubt, accurately defined and settled by himself. Mr. Dent, the clock-maker, and Mr. Warner, the bell-founder, and Mr. Mears, the bell-founder—and Mr. Scott, the architect, in conjunction with whom Mr. Denison designed a church—and Sir Charles Barry, not in conjunction with whom he designed a clock and bells—and Mr. Professor Taylor, the musical authority—each and all we believe are perfectly content to leave Mr. Denison with his supremacy in theory and practice. And, to do him justice, he was by no means backward in appropriating both credit and responsibility. He took especial care to keep everybody in his place, himself included. Being at the head of associated science in the clock and bell matter, he let everybody know that his sceptre was a real one. Never had a bell so portentous a clapper. *Sumpsit superbiam quasitam meritis*. The great bell was cast; and Mr. Denison, of course, employed his own foundry,

A mean and contemptible person, named Mears, happened to have the *pas* among bell-casters; but Mr. Denison knew better, and employed his own man, Mr. Warner. But the size of the bell, the thickness of the bell, the proportions of the bell at collar and rim, the weight of the hammer, the composition of the bell—all these were Mr. Denison's own. And the bell, it is needless to say, was a perfect success; for Mr. Denison himself was its annalist, and he descanted in most glowing language on its size, its tone, its splendour. The bell was not baptised, but it was certainly sprinkled with holy water from his *benatura*. He solemnly blessed his own creation, and pronounced it to be very good. Then came a hitch or two; but it was not Mr. Denison's fault. Big Ben—a vile name, and only too significant of its vulgar end—went to the bad, step by step, through a series of disasters. The bell was too big for the tower; but this was all Sir Charles Barry's fault; and didn't he get the rough side of Mr. Denison's tongue for not knowing that that gentleman did not know how to take a measurement? The bell, too, had a very queer sound; but then that was because it never had a fair chance. Only wait till it is hung, and then you shall hear what you shall hear. Alas! we never heard it. Poor Ben was hopelessly bad from the beginning. He was cracked before he was hung; and then it was found that Mr. Denison and Mr. Warner between them had contrived such an exquisite amalgam of metal that the bell never could have been either hoisted, hung, or rung.

Well, we put up with the mischance. Other bells had failed, and this was, we were assured, an accident which no skill could have averted, though, Mr. Denison having assured us of his infallibility, we had to make up our mind to the catastrophe as we best could. And so we gave him another chance—not without grumbling, perhaps, and misgivings. Wiser by failure, Mr. Denison now went to the despised Mr. Mears—still, however, only employing that respectable tradesman as the journeyman he was. Now Mr. Denison knew all about it. The old bell was too heavy—the old bell had not got the exact note—the old bell had not got the exact thickness at the exact place. This bell was to exceed the last as son always exceeds sire. The bell was cast, and the clock was finished, not without sundry episodic and amebian controversies between Mr. Denison and Mr. Dent, Mr. Denison and Mr. Mears, Mr. Denison and Sir Charles Barry, Mr. Denison and everybody. One thing, at any rate, we admired—Mr. Denison's pluck in facing all opponents. Clock and bell were hoisted after some years' delay. There was a dreadful controversy about the timber frame-work, and about the size and weight of the hands of the clock. And when at last it was all fixed, sometimes the clock and bell came out on no better terms than Mr. Denison and his *collaborateurs*. If the clock did not stop, it once, we believe, struck thirteen; and more than once it did not strike at all. And as to the bell, why, to be sure, Mr. Denison assured us that it was all right; and as we had paid such a lot of money for it, few of us ventured to say what we thought of it. But when it did strike! heavens and earth! what a note it was!

Swinging slow with solemn roar—

not at all. "Solemn" is too complimentary a term for the peculiar variety of melancholy utterance which this conscience-stricken bell gave forth. Never was a dismal tone so prophetic of its coming end. Had it gone on striking to the suicidal month of November, sure we are that the tolling of that frightful bell—the long plaintive wail of its presaging grief—would have driven half London to the Thames or the halter, to escape its dismal announcement of the coming tribulation. Everybody thought it must be Dr. Cumming imprisoned in the great brazen monster. However, it avenged itself. Utterly unable to survive its own melancholy clangour, the Big Bell has at length cracked its heart with its own insupportable sorrows—unable to endure its own noise, it has, we are happy to say, gone to final grief. We are relieved from the Bell of Sorrows, and we are relieved from Mr. Denison. A most awful bill we shall have to pay. Two bells, to say nothing of the chime-bells, all thrown away—the clock to be pulled to pieces to get down the wretched impostor—and no clock and no bell for nobody knows how many years. But then, there is balm in Gilead—clock and bell take with them another pretender. We have heard the last, we take it, of Mr. Denison and his science. Great joy will there be with the Warners and the Barrys, and the Thomson Hankeys, and with ninety-nine people out of a hundred, which is about the proportion of those whom Mr. Denison has affronted by pen or deed. Denison the Infallible has become as one of us. Superior insolence and superior scorn are his only prerogatives, and we gladly leave this gentleman to the consequences of a failure as ignominious as his contempt for the whole world was superb. The little inconvenience of his discomfiture is almost cheaply purchased by the relief we owe to his final failure.

Not that even now Mr. Denison intends to give up the game. To be sure he passed the bell, and the bell he over and over again assured us was perfect. Now he says, in language which Mr. Mears takes up as libellous, that he was imposed upon throughout—that Mr. Mears is a thorough cozen in metal, and has cheated him, or rather us, with an unsound casting, and has put up his dishonest work to hide his fraud. But we venture to think that this is only—to speak familiarly—Jack's last shift. Herein is, we suspect, the audacity of despair. At any rate there is an end of Mr. Denison. We employed him because he was up to all the tricks of trade. Even if Mr. Mears

is the rogue that Mr. Denison describes—and the imputation on his commercial and personal faith Mr. Mears with all indignation repudiates—there is no getting over the fact that Mr. Denison passed the defective bell.

AMERICAN POLITICAL MEETINGS.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT, in his celebrated pamphlet, described himself as sometimes quitting his native soil and coming to England for a breath of free air. The Englishman who stands in need of a political tonic must take a longer journey. He must cross the Atlantic if he wishes for a more bracing atmosphere, a ruder health, passions more ungoverned, language more fearless, than he can find at home. It is well that he should sometimes do so. There is something healthy and invigorating in the very sight of the boisterous misbehaviour that characterizes the youth of the American nation. The Eastern hemisphere without a doubt is *blasé*. Europe's young days are over—*non est qualis erat*. She has passed through many a vicissitude, seen system after system rise, flourish, and decay; she has been converted again and again, and now she has reached the time of life that loves proprieties and appreciates the worth of peace and quiet, orderly behaviour, and moderate language. Her very moments of anarchy have something staid and decorous about them. Her revolutions are sad tame affairs, with scarcely a blow struck or vehement expression employed from beginning to end. The press, for the most part, has been drilled into an uninteresting judiciousness. Sometimes it is moodily silent, sometimes the mere mouthpiece of some absolute ruler, whose least expression becomes a matter of importance. Anxious nations wait and watch while an Imperial author "just hints a fault or hesitates dislike." Every sentence is weighed, and examined, and guessed about—every word may have a secret purpose:—

Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings, when he frowned.

When Emperors condescend to write, it is natural enough that a great deal more should be meant than meets the eye.

From all this stately and well-mannered frigidity it is a relief to turn to the rugged outspokenness of the Americans. There is a fine healthy tone of exaggeration about their language that is positively refreshing. A recent number of the *New York Herald* affords a good example. It appears that, with a view to the approaching Presidential election, the Democratic party held a meeting at Syracuse, for the purpose of choosing delegates to represent their interests and wishes at the State Convention at Charleston. The occasion was a grand one, the greatest interest was aroused, and every Democrat in New York resolved to acquit himself like a man. At the present moment a deadly feud rages in the Democratic ranks. The Mozart Hall party, or "Hards," are at daggers drawn with the Regency faction, or "Softs," and the Softs were resolved upon victory at any price. They formed a dreadful design, "borrowed from the treble-dyed scoundrels in Ireland, called 'informers,' who commit murders and other crimes and charge them upon their innocent neighbours, in order that they may pocket the blood-money given by the Government." The Softs determined upon treachery. They meant to pack the Hall with their own "shoulder-hitters and bruisers," provoke a tumult, and skilfully throw the blame of it on the Hards, so as to lower their prestige and diminish their influence at the Charleston Convention.

Disappointment, however, awaited the Regency. Its own weapon was turned against itself. "Treachery," as the *New York moralist* observes, "like chickens, comes home to roost." The Hards were not the men to be outwitted by so paltry a manoeuvre, and Fernando Wood, the "Hard" champion, was prepared for the emergency. He resolved to be beforehand with the enemy. Very early he marshalled his men into hall, "made them take their seats as he designated, the heaviest muscle in the centre, gentlemen like Ex-sheriff Willet being placed on the extreme flank. He pointed out the Benicia Boy's chair with marked and emphatic gesture, and then marched backward and forward before his troops, like a captain on a field-day. He was lividly pale, almost yellow; the muscles of his face tight ground, and with a dangerous look which caused a bystander to remark, 'What a picture for a Zouave!'" But Fernando's actions were as vigorous as his appearance was imposing. He had well-nigh crushed the Softs at the outset. The clocks at Syracuse, it appears, are not what they should be, and considerable uncertainty prevails as to the precise time of day. Availing himself of this, a "Hard" orator secured the chair, "Hard" secretaries were elected, a "Hard" resolution had just been passed unanimously, when the Regency made its appearance, declaring that it still wanted fifteen minutes to the due moment for commencing proceedings. Indeed, had it not been for the extraordinary agility of John Cochraine, the Regency would have been "blown to findless atoms;" but "the Mozart Hall people were quite unprepared for the lightning-spring, which he gave upon a chair, under the very nose of the Speaker, rendering it impossible not to give him the word." Fernando Wood was within a second of him, but the "lightning spring" was too much even for Fernando. In vain the front rank yelled—in vain the bullics menaced—Cochrane was calm. As the orator proceeded, the excitement grew intense, and at last, when the Speaker called him to order, for "ceasing to stare him, as Speaker, directly in the face," the impatience of the

fighting boys became almost irrepressible. However, Isaiah Rynders did wonders in keeping the peace, and a small dangerous-looking man posted himself behind Cochraine with a pistol, resolved, if Cochraine was touched, to blow out the brains of Fernando Wood. Cochraine meanwhile grew bold in invective. "This was no convention," he said; "it was pretended to be organized in a bogus manner before the time; he denounced all who took part in it." The Chair called him to order, but Cochraine's blood was up, and he would not come to order. The Chair decided, Cochraine appealed, two other speakers sprang upon benches, and began to harangue the assembly; the Chair "rapped them to order" in vain; the battle had fairly begun. At this moment, by "Soft" calculation, it was twelve o'clock, and the Regency's opportunity had come. It, too, had a champion for the occasion. "Peter Cagger" advanced, watch in hand, said that the time had arrived for the Convention to be organized, and proposed John Stryker as Chairman. Cagger must have looked extremely imposing as he stood "firmly and calmly up to the edge of the platform," while the mob gathered thick, and surged angrily at his feet. "The proceedings were now carried on in dumb show;" Soft and Hard orators were all in full swing, Mozart resolutions were confronted with Regency motions, Cagger was addressing himself officially to John Stryker, and the Hard chairman was still "rapping continuously to order" as ineffectually as ever. At last the soul of Stryker swelled within him. Determined to make himself heard, he quitted the dignity of the chair, and took up a suggestive position at the edge of the platform. Alas!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!

The temptation proved too strong for "Nealy Woods." He rushed from behind, and, with a traitorous blow, sent Stryker flying off the platform five feet down into the crowd beneath. Cries of "Shame!" filled the hall—even the Hards were melted at the outrage. Captain Isaiah Rynders remained immovable. Light skirmishing succeeded. Fists were shaken in Wood's face—pistols pointed at Rynders. The superiority of the Mozarts became evident. The Regency voted an adjournment, and retired gracefully; and Wood remained master of the field. As he proceeded to "define his position, and go on with his work," there were symptoms which told that some wavering spirits still lingered behind. "If old Hickory were alive," exclaimed one regretful veteran, "he would blush for the democracy." But not even old Hickory could shake the nerves of Wood. He was ready to be reconciled to the seceders, but stood up like a man for the accuracy of the "Hard" time, and the lawfulness of the "Hard" proceedings. All now went smoothly. Every one felt that there were "no grounds on which the bolting could be excused"—everything was carried unanimously. The Convention at last adjourned *sine die*, and the triumphant Hards, after serenading Fernando Wood, departed rejoicing by the night train for New York.

But the Regency, though scattered for the moment, speedily rallied. No sooner had the conquerors left the hall than the suffering Stryker reappeared, lame but undaunted, and took up the proceedings exactly at the point at which the dastardly Nealy Woods had interrupted them. The prompt Cochraine was touchingly rhetorical. "Out of the nettle danger," he cried, "the Democratic party have plucked the flower safety. Not a man, hunker or barn-burner, hard or soft, will now fail to come forward and uphold the banner of the Democratic party." Presently the roll-list of delegates was called, and Isaiah Rynders' answer to his name showed him at once a Christian and a hero. "By the blessings of Divine Providence, and in spite of the gentleman who drew a pistol on me this morning, and of the brawny arms that were raised against me, I am here!" It was not, however, until the appearance of Daniel Dickinson that the enthusiasm of the assembly reached its height. The Convention "sprang to its feet," "Dickinson" resounded from a thousand throats, and in the midst of the applause Dickinson advances, and (affecting spectacle!) lays his hand in Stryker's. Dickinson is evidently the moderate, pacific old gentleman. Years have quelled the impetuosity of his generous youth. He deprecates division. He would like "a thorough union, a union which would combine all interests, which would know no north no south, no east, no west, and no section!" A union, however, so superbly indifferent to all points of the compass is almost too much to hope for, and Dickinson, though he loves quiet much, loves honour more, and will never compromise with evil. He is conscientious to a fault, and does not care who knows it. "Yes, fellow-citizens, I repeat, I would sooner sever my arm from my body here before you, I would sooner my tongue should cleave to the roof of my mouth, than consent to anything overreaching, or anything tricky in a deliberative convention." As we might have hoped, Dickinson reads his Bible. "I am opposed," he says, "to that party which treats the State worse than Herod and Pilate together treated the people at Judea and Galilee!" Dickinson and the cause of humanity! will evidently be the next party cry; and indeed Dickinson is quite prepared for this. Though indifferent to the allurements of office, he is always at his country's call. "If the people want me, I believe they will stop the great Democratic train and take me; if they do not want me, they won't stop for my hallooing. They will always know where to find me—in my garden, in the bosom of my family, in the pursuit of an honourable profession

by which I gain a livelihood." This is surely a little Pecksniffian. We begin to have suspicions about this venerable Dickinson; but our doubts are soon dispelled. Though a man of peace, his martial imagery is perfectly terrific. "To every man who will buckle on his armour and march with him" he extends the right hand of fellowship. "The Democratic party is just starting on a grand campaign. The guns fired to-day will echo and re-echo till the Presidential election. March onward! Forward to victory! Look not into the troubled past. Let us stand to our guns! when the drum beats let us respond to the call; and remember, finally, in the moment of need, where the worthy Dickinson is always to be found."

The Regency was now in all its glory. Deserters from the Hards came dropping in to swell its ranks. For two long days it went its way rejoicing and unresisted. It ratified its own existence, it voted committees, it appointed delegates. Rynders found an opportunity of repelling the charge of having "headed the Rowdies." Orator succeeded to orator, each more brilliant than his predecessor, till at length the last sweet drops of the cup of victory are drained, the last unanimous resolution passed, the last Soft delegate nominated, and the curtain falls upon the tableau of the Regency in its hour of triumph, dissolving with mutual congratulations and nine hearty cheers, and the respectable Dickinson retiring to repose in the bosom of his family—there to dream pleasantly, we trust, of a golden age, when a grateful country shall have called him to office, and peace and plenty shall reign undisturbed by the evil machinations of a Wood, or the rude presence of shoulder-hitters and Benicia Boys.

REVIEWS.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.*

THERE are few more curious spectacles in the world than that which Dr. Cumming and a few other writers of the same stamp afford to mankind. Personally, they are probably not only well-meaning, but in their way meritorious. There seems to be every reason to suppose that they have a strong wish to do good to their fellow creatures, and a sincere anxiety to propagate amongst them opinions which they believe to be true. There is also abundant ground for supposing that they really do some good. In the course of many years every religious sect accumulates a great quantity of devotional commonplaces, which, like the admonitions addressed by Farmer Jones, in Crabbe's tales, to his son, "are good advice, and mean, 'My son, be good.'" They contain many texts and many sacred names, the repetition of which probably produces a certain degree of devotional feeling, and calls up a certain number of devotional associations; and of these Dr. Cumming's books contain a considerable number which may very possibly be suited to the purpose for which they are intended. Many of them appear to us to be in very bad taste, and bad taste in a writer of popular theology is a most serious evil, but it would perhaps be harsh to describe it as a moral offence. If such material formed the staple of his publications, it would not fall within our province to criticize them. This, however, is by no means the case. Dr. Cumming's specific peculiarity is that without any bad intention, probably without the smallest consciousness of any impropriety, he publishes books which appear to us to constitute very grave moral offences. They show a complete insensibility to the intellectual duties of authorship, and those duties are amongst the most serious which writers for publication incur. It is a most lamentable truth that a vast proportion of the popular writers of the day entirely forget that honesty in argument, in inquiry, and in the statement of the results of inquiry, is just as much a duty as honesty in any of the other relations of life. An author has no more right to give currency to shallow arguments and incorrect assertions upon important subjects, than a grocer has to sand his sugar; and if he does it merely because he knows no better, and can do no better, he is in a position much like that of a tradesman whose conscience, with respect to the tricks of the trade, is blunted or distorted by a bad education or by natural imbecility. In each case, it is difficult to say where the misfortune ends and the fault begins; but in each case the dishonest practice exists, and the dishonesty is one of which readers and customers have an equal right to complain, whatever may be the source from which it arises.

Dr. Cumming has just published another book about the end of the world, which we think affords a very perfect illustration of these observations. Every one would admit—he himself, no doubt, amongst the number—that no subject can be more obscure, that there is none upon which opinions differ so slightly from conjectures, and that there is also none which has less practical bearing on the duties of life. Dr. Cumming, indeed, constantly warns his readers that, even if he is right in supposing that the world has but seven years more to run, that fact ought to make no difference in their conduct. On the other hand, there is no subject on which people are so much predisposed to every sort of extravagance and superstition. It may be true that the prospect of a speedy end of the world ought not to in-

* *The Great Tribulation; or the Things coming on the Earth.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. London: Bentley. 1859.

fluence men's actions, but there is also an enormous probability that it will do so in a very disastrous direction; and it is well known that there is no subject which has such a fascination for weak minds, or which is so closely connected with all the most contemptible and mischievous superstitions that can degrade religion. It appears to follow from this that no subject demands greater knowledge and caution on the part of those who handle it, and that none is worse adapted for popular lectures; yet upon this delicate and dangerous ground Dr. Cumming constantly ventures with a degree of self-assurance which is only paralleled by his enormous ignorance and audacity, and which is rewarded by a popularity that appears to us to be perfectly ominous. It gives the strongest possible proof of the miserably low level at which not only education, but ordinary intelligence, and the instinctive power of detecting an impostor by his manner and style, must stand in the large class of which he is one of the most popular and assiduous instructors.

Upwards of three years ago we had occasion to examine in some detail Dr. Cumming's qualifications as a scholar. From two of his most popular works we then produced such a list of blunders in the most elementary matters as proved that nothing but unblushing effrontery could have launched him on such a subject as unfulfilled prophecy, and that his affectation to have an independent opinion upon it was in itself a moral offence. We then showed that he was a mere secondhand dabbler, unprovided with the means which are indispensable to acquiring any real knowledge of the subject. In the interval, he has certainly not supplied the deficiencies which the *Apocalyptic Sketches* and the *End* so painfully disclosed, but he has to some extent learned to conceal them. He does not go out of his way to show off his Greek. He does not tell us that "unpolite" means "living out of the city," or that Sebastopol was anciently spelt "Sebastepol," on account of its Greek derivation, or that the Saracens were so called from the wife of Abraham. Nay, he has got so far as to admit that he was a little mistaken here and there. For example, in the *End* he observed that "a generation (*yesca*), in the sense of an existing people of thirty years, was not known to the ancients." We referred him to a passage of Homer, and another of Herodotus, which proved the elementary proposition that the use of the word in that sense was perfectly familiar to them. He has accordingly amended his plea. In reference to the very same passage ("This generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled," which he wishes to interpret of the Jewish people, and not of the then existing generation), he now admits that *yesca* is "used occasionally in classical writers" in the sense which we ascribed to it; but he adds, "It is used also in classic writers, and always in *Hellenistic Greek*, to mean a race, a nationality, a class." This plan of moving out of a difficulty just as far as you are pushed and no further, has the inconvenience of exposing those who adopt it to being successively kicked down each separate step of the flight, instead of receiving one kick only. What does Dr. Cumming say to this passage, which occurs in the very same Gospel as the one on which he comments:—"So all the generations (*yesca*) from Abraham to David are fourteen generations, and from David till the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations, and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations?" Perhaps this observation will induce him to give a third version of the meaning of this unlucky word. Though the illustrations of ignorance in Dr. Cumming's present work are not so brilliant as in his former publications, they are well selected and cover a large space. Latin as well as Greek receives its share of notice. The following quotation from Horace is admirable in its way:—"In the words of the Latin poet—

Rem recte si possis. Si non rem,
Quomodo rem."

It would be charitable to believe that this was a collection of misprints for our very old friend—

Rem facias rem,
Recte si possis, si non, quocunque modo rem.

But there is a sort of insane harmony and symmetry about it which forbids the supposition. The full stop in the middle of the first line, the general absence of verbs, and the vague apprehension of *quocunque modo* which is traceable in the otherwise unintelligible *Quomodo*—put for the first time in its history at the beginning of a hexameter—are graces which are obviously due, not to a printer's blunder, but to the hazy classics of a divine whose nation is more familiar with the substance than the form of the classical precept. To any one who could construe the *Delectus*, the line as quoted in the *Great Tribulation* would be indeed a sign of the times—the spawn, at the very least, of some apocalyptic frog.

In history and literature Dr. Cumming's performances in his present work are, perhaps, even more remarkable than in language. There are few ancient writers or Pagan philosophers whose opinions are more interesting to Christians than those of Lucretius and Confucius. The views to which they were led by the observation of the world as it was before Christianity are more instructive than those of almost any other writers, and one would have supposed that hardly any one could be absolutely ignorant of the general outline of their respective opinions. Such, however, seems to be the case with Dr. Cumming—that "giant of intellect," as he was lately called in a Dissenting newspaper.

"We must recollect," he observes, "that God is not the *Lucretian deity*—all love, all goodness, but that He is holy, just, faithful, true." Whether St. John saw the same contrast as Dr. Cumming between love and goodness, on the one hand, and holiness and justice, on the other, might be a curious inquiry; but it lies out of our province. Our question is how Lucretius countenanced the notion of a deity all love and goodness. The merest smattering of classical knowledge—that sort of acquaintance with the subject which may be expected of every man who professes to have had a liberal education—would have taught Dr. Cumming what kind of gods Lucretius believed in. Hardly any line in Latin poetry is better known than that old confession of faith—

Bono qui didicere, deos securum agere ævum.

Which, (for Dr. Cumming's sake,) we may illustrate by Mr. Tennyson's exquisite paraphrase—

Like the gods together,
Careless of mankind.

The gods, according to Lucretius, had nothing to do with man, and the opinion that they had was, in his view, the origin of most of our sufferings:—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

Dr. Cumming knows that Lucretius was, somehow or other, unorthodox, and it does not much matter what direction his heterodoxy happened to take. It does so happen that it was precisely the reverse of what he states it to be; but it is all the same to him.

He treats Confucius with about the same amount of justice, charity, and knowledge. "In China," he says, "the stupid and degraded superstition of Confucius has raised difficulties," &c. This is, we think, the very grossest exhibition of ignorant self-sufficiency that we ever happened to meet with. When we see Dr. Cumming, of whom the best that can be said is that by dint of brag and fluency he has acquired a certain influence over Exeter Hall and Christian Young Men's Associations, speaking in this tone of Confucius, one of the very greatest men that ever lived—a man whose doctrines have for more than 2000 years exercised incalculable influence over the most numerous and the oldest nation in the world—we feel that we are in the presence of a sort of impudence which is rendered sublime by its unconsciousness. But the impudence of the phrase is less wonderful than its ignorance. Every single word which Dr. Cumming applies to Confucius seems to have been chosen upon the principle of making the very widest departure from the truth that a single word could make. In the first place, the doctrines of Confucius are not stupid, for they have been officially recognised and acted on, merely by reason of their intrinsic wisdom, for more than 2000 years by the Chinese nation. In the next place, they are not degraded, for they consist of an exposition of morality of singular wisdom and purity. And lastly, they are not superstitious, for they proceed upon the principle of leaving all supernatural considerations out of sight. Confucius "would say nothing of the gods, for he knew nothing of them." If Dr. Cumming wanted to abuse Confucius, he should have brought out the "cold and barren morality" commonplace. The "degraded superstition" business is rather less inappropriate to Buddhism; but he really ought to know the difference between the two. He would hardly like a Chinese to inveigh against the "degraded superstition of the Jesuit Cumming who preached the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception;" yet the blunder would not be more absurd than his own attack on the Latin poet and the Chinese philosopher.

These isolated observations are perhaps little more than inlets—characteristic enough, though in themselves they may be small—into that great sea of ignorance which pervades Dr. Cumming's mind. On some matters he contrives to take a wider range than the general bearings of his subject might have been expected to afford. He is just the sort of man who might have been expected, from his whole method and temper, to delight in dabbling in science. It gives him an air of general information and accomplishment which can hardly fail to be attractive to a man who is constantly employed in furnishing popular lecture-rooms with meretricious excitement. Nothing could afford so fine a scope for the display of that marvellous flimsiness which pervades every department of his mind. Two instances will make this matter as plain as twenty. Science, Dr. Cumming tells us, always exactly confirms everything which is stated in the Bible; and it is very important that it should do so, for "we can upset the whole theology of the Hindoo by predicting an eclipse . . . the Hindoo stupidly believing it to be an interposition of one of his great deities." It is worth noticing that, in another part of his book, Dr. Cumming states that he cannot reconcile the doctrine of election with other doctrines laid down in the Bible, but that he believes them all because they are all there. If he were capable of comparing his own arguments in favour of them with those which a Hindoo would give in favour of his opinions, he would hardly triumph so merrily in "upsetting" his "stupid beliefs." Certainly we should be very sorry to stake our belief in the Bible on the issue of an argument between Dr. Cumming and a Hindoo acquainted with geology. Dr. Cumming has the audacity and dishonesty to assert that the first chapter of Genesis proves that Moses "either knew the geology of 1859 or he was inspired by God." It is pretty clear from the

preceding page that this astounding assertion rests on the authority of a well-known popular book, in which it is maintained that geology shows that six successive creations, corresponding to the six days' work, have taken place in the history of this planet. We do not stop to inquire whether this is or is not a true conjecture, but we believe that it is an extremely doubtful one, and it is matter of notoriety that geology is a science which is advancing and varying almost from day to day, and which may very probably point in a few years to very different conclusions from those which it seems to favour at present. To appeal to it as an ultimate authority in its present state is therefore grossly dishonest. It may perhaps ultimately confirm every word of the early chapters of Genesis; but at present the most that any honest man can say upon the subject is, that it is not impossible that the two may be reconciled, though there is a wide apparent divergence between them. To say that six days mean six collections of ages may be quite true, but it is not an obvious truth upon which a man is entitled to insist triumphantly, as Dr. Cumming does. The importance which he attaches to trifles, and the audacity with which he overlooks the real point of the case, is exactly like the logic of a pickpocket at the Old Bailey who asks the jury with indignant emphasis whether they can possibly doubt of his entire innocence, seeing that the principal witness against him now declares that he was close by the lamp-post when he felt his hand in his pocket, whereas he formerly asserted that he was two yards from it.

Here is another instance:—

I may mention another instance of the increase of knowledge in respect to languages. It has been a long discussion, are all languages any way connected? Anybody that will read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin will see satisfactory proof that they are connected; and, if you trace certain familiar words, you will find that they run through all . . . the word *sack* is the same in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, English, and almost all languages. . . . Dr. Wiseman, who is a very learned scholar—I mean learned in languages—has stated in his book, entitled, *The Connection between Science and Revealed Religion*, a book of great research and talent, because while we deplore and condemn his superstition, it would not be fair to deny him what is good, and right, and true; we may admire the eyes and spots of the viper, while we admit its poison and dread its sting, and call it a viper still—that it has been discovered, as the result of the most exact investigation, that all languages have affinities enough to indicate a common source; but certain dislocations that prove that some time in their history there have (*sic*) occurred in them a great fracture. Just go back to what sceptics make merry with, the confusion of tongues at Babel, and you have the great fracture which science has concluded must have one day taken place.

So few moderately intelligent persons in these days are absolutely ignorant of the results at least of philology, that it is almost pathetic to find that a man who occupies a conspicuous position should write such nonsense as this. He has to prove the truth of the history of the Tower of Babel on independent evidence, and his only real evidence is the statement of the "viper," Dr. Wiseman; but in order to look as if he knew something about the matter from original sources, he gives us the wonderful bits of his own learning which we have quoted. As to the resemblance between Hebrew and Greek and Latin, if he would draw out his comparison more fully it would be possible to judge of it; but how comes he not to refer to Sanscrit? Every person of the commonest information knows that Greek and Latin, as well as all the modern dialects to which he refers, have a common origin. But the question is whether all languages have a common origin. If Dr. Cumming has philological grounds for believing that Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Chinese have a common origin, he would do well to publish them; but who cares to know that "sac" and "vin" are represented by "sack" and "wine"? To assert that such an argument proves anything in favour of the truth of the Book of Genesis, is like trying to prove that two travellers in the North Western Railway must have left Aberdeen together by showing that they were both in the same carriage at Harrow.

We might easily extend these specimens of Dr. Cumming's qualifications for the task which he has undertaken; but we have said enough upon that topic. We will, in conclusion, give an example of the reckless, and therefore dishonest, manner in which he observes matters of fact, and records his observations. Our readers no doubt remember the seven Apocalyptic vials. During the sixth vial, there were three frogs who were "the spirits of devils working miracles." Of these three frogs, two, according to Dr. Cumming, were Popery and Infidelity. The energy of these evil spirits was to be destroyed under the seventh vial, which was just antecedent to the Millennium. Now the seventh vial, Dr. Cumming maintains, was poured out in 1848; and accordingly, in the *Apocalyptic Sketches*, published at the close of the sixth vial, he argues elaborately to show that Popery and Infidelity are on the increase. "An awful and terrible characteristic of those days (*i.e.*, of 1848) is the increase and spread of Popery . . . I need not give you proofs of the spread of that terrible system . . . Its basilisk eye is riveted on all that is dear to us," &c. &c. Then, as to infidelity, "hear the inspired sketch" (hearing a sketch is a new metaphor), "look at the living men, and see if there be not a perfect coincidence. In the last days men shall be first lovers of themselves, &c. &c. 'Sixthly, disobedient to parents.' . . . That beautiful, that musical sound, Father, is being banished from England's homes, and that horrible importation from France, 'our governor,' is being substituted in its place." When Sam Weller described his father as "gurnor," he little knew what he was about; and probably Mr. Dickens had little suspicion that he was talking French. But this is a trifle.

In the *Great Tribulation*, the seventh vial having been poured out for ten years, there ought, of course, to be a great diminution in the energy of the frogs; and Dr. Cumming actually has the unblushing impudence to say that Popery and Infidelity have in fact lost their power. "Those things that once seemed to rise like mountain obstructions to its march" (the march of the Word of God,) "are dissolving like wreaths of snow in the sunshine. The scepticism of Hume and Rousseau" (the least sceptical of human beings) "and Paine, is now laughed at even by disbelievers in Christianity . . . and the last and only form of scepticism that we have now, if we exclude mere practical scepticism" (on the existence of which, as shown amongst other things by the use of "governor" for "father," he relied for the proof of his case in 1848), is that of Emerson. . . . Romanism is losing its influence." The monstrous falsehood of each branch of the assertion, and especially of that which relates to scepticism, supersedes criticism. Scepticism, according to Dr. Cumming, ought to have received some great blow since 1848. The fact is, that all the forms of inquiry to which he would give that name have since then increased enormously, and show no sort of inclination to diminish; and Romanism has certainly not diminished either in activity or in extent. It is therefore perfectly clear that, to serve the purposes of his own scheme of interpretation, Dr. Cumming has given diametrically opposite accounts of what are substantially the same facts.

We have now discharged our duty. It is not a pleasant thing to write thus of a minister of religion. No man can habitually preach the commonplaces of Christianity without saying much that is so infinitely true and important that much toleration is due for natural defects; but there are limits to this toleration. When a perfectly ignorant man, by the help of a certain plausibility, fluency, and showiness of nature, attracts immense attention to his doctrines—and when those doctrines are of so delicate a kind, and are so liable to the most awful abuse as those which Dr. Cumming preaches—it is a duty to show him in his true light, and to expose the imposition which he practises on the world by claiming to be a man of learning. There are ways in which a man might preach on reprobation and election without incurring any censure whatever; but if he propagated the crudest notions respecting them to excitable audiences in a vain, noisy, popular manner, it would be a public duty to expose his pretensions and to attack his influence; and upon the very same principle we think ourselves bound to show that Dr. Cumming is an utterly untrustworthy guide as to the affairs of either this world or the next.

A PHYSICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.*

IT is one of the fashions of the day that when a good-natured, shallow, well-meaning, vain person has come in contact with the more obvious forms of misery, want, or crime, he thinks himself straightway bound to reform and remodel society. It is another fashion of the day that the same sort of person thinks himself at liberty, or perhaps under some moral obligation, to shoot out his crude thoughts on every conceivable subject, provided he qualifies what he shoots out with some modest title, like "Jottings," or "Dottings," or "Memoranda," or "My Note-Book." The author of the book before us has followed both fashions. His practical duties as a physician have brought him in contact with society at many different points; and while, to judge from his descriptions of himself, he has bounded from scene to scene exulting in his moral rectitude, like a dapper Pharisee, he has secreted in his time a considerable amount of heavy sermonizing and superficial wisdom. His note-book is worth looking at as an illustration of the manner in which, in days when every one publishes, a large number of persons theorize on social wants and maladies. The Physician is absolutely incapable of seeing the difficulties of any subject whatever, or of eliminating from his composition any remark because it is trite, stale, or irrelevant. His note-book contains his animadversions on twenty-six subjects; and as many of these subjects are interesting and important, it is not uninteresting to ascertain what is the sham-Solomon view as to this number of matters relating to daily life.

A chapter on "Parish Matters" supplies a good specimen of the book. There are three things which have struck the Physician, and three evils which he wishes to have remedied. He has observed that parochial taxation is badly levied, that the poor are denied relief when they attempt to be decent in appearance, and that the medical assistance afforded by parishes is often of a very inferior kind. He wishes, in a vague sort of way, to see these evils removed. They are evils which may be accepted as existing in a greater or less degree; and a sensible, patient, and full inquiry into their causes, and the possible remedies that might be found for them, would be worth having, more especially if it proceeded from a writer who had great opportunities of seeing very different classes and very different aspects of life. The way in which the Physician accomplishes his task is this:—He begins by stating that parish affairs are often settled at a tavern, and then thinks it worth while to remark that "it is a well-ascertained fact that stimulants received into our system have not always the desirable effect of clearing away cobwebs from the intellect, especially when imbibed rather

* *My Note-Book: or the Sayings and Doings of a London Physician.* London: Sampson Low. 1859.

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freely." He next informs us that he is ignorant of the legal system under which local taxation is levied, and that he happens to live among a set of persons equally ignorant. He is particularly puzzled by the existence of appeals. If, he urges, the assessor would but fix the right sum in the first instance, there would be no necessity for an appeal. We turn over page after page in which grandmamma society is taught to suck eggs in this way, and wonder what is the point he has been driving at. What does he propose to do or to have done? At last we come to the result. He repeats that a certain knot of men settle parish matters by themselves, and "they then consider there is an end of such things for the time being." Now is the time for the Reformer to fire his big shot, and he fires it. "But," he continues, "I beg leave to say there is not an end of the subject; neither (I appeal to common sense) should this be the formula for deliberations of such vital importance to the interests of the country." He goes moaning on, first about the poor, and then about medical attendance; and here, if anywhere, he might be thought to be on sure ground, where he could tell us something practical, and give definite advice. He has got a good case. Undoubtedly the niggardly economy of Poor-law Guardians often condemns the poor to wither or die under the hands of a very ignorant and uneducated medical man, who is selected for no other reason than because his necessities tempt him to offer his services below the rate at which any one who does his duty could possibly offer them. Even if the salary could compensate for the services of the practitioner, it is quite impossible that it should enable him to provide medicines of any but a very simple and cheap kind. Accordingly, if a poor man requires an expensive medicine, he must do like the Bow County-Court suitors—he must "do without." No wonder that a benevolent reformer of a physician should ponder over the misery thus caused, and should think of plans to avert or relieve it. The author of the *Note-book* goes very glibly over the easy part of the ground. He curses the guardians; he uses startling italics to brand their parsimony with lasting shame; he quotes Shakespeare, and has a good sneer at the general respect shown by the world for wealth. But we go on hoping that he must have something to propose. What is the use of a medical reformer theorizing and lamenting on his own peculiar ground, if he has no help to give us? We might imagine he would have some scheme for local dispensaries, or for providing better drugs out of parochial funds, or for some combination of charity and poor-rates. We are doomed to be disappointed. His case is proved—his curses are all expectorated. His fine writing has been lavish; he has assured us in every possible way that he is a very knowing man, a very successful man, a great favourite, an honest critic—everything that a man and a reformer should be—and then he gives us his remedy. His remedy is but a wish—"O for some benign spirit whose mission might with ambrosial breezes disperse at once and for evermore these reeking sores, these festering plague-spots from our entire globe." It is this passage that has especially attracted our attention in the volume. Here is a man who thinks himself competent to lecture, backbite, and re-model society; and when he is put to the test, and, as a medical man of (as he says) a high position in London, is asked what ought to be done to provide better drugs for the country poor, he replies that, on the whole, he thinks the best thing is to wish for the advent of a "spirit with ambrosial breezes." He is exactly the sort of man who thinks himself, and is thought, a philanthropist.

If we are asked why we notice the writings of such a man, we can only answer that he is kept in countenance by so many persons of the same stamp that their prominence is a serious nuisance in the country. The few persons who are competent to provide some very partial, but still real and practical, alleviations of the forms of human misery that exist on a large scale, are hampered by nothing so much as by the confidence of unreflecting, talkative busybodies, who see no difficulties, find fault with everything, are always for doing the work of generations in a week, and, if they are pressed for practical advice, reply that they are on the look-out for a benign spirit, or an advance of mankind, or a general enlightenment, or some other modern millennium. As might be expected, the Physician is verbose on the old subjects of milliners and governesses; and, as might also be expected, he seems to think that if ladies would but order dresses early enough, and if mistresses would but give a liberal salary to their governesses, everything would be right. These remedies, which have been urged a thousand times before, are all very well as far as they go, but no one who understands why milliners and governesses are poor could think that much progress was made by repeating suggestions that are so well known. We must, however, do the Physician the justice to own that he throws out a hint that over-education has something to do with the crowding of these callings by an unfair influx of persons whose natural occupation is that of household service. This is one of those thoughts which are of value under the management of persons really fit to deal with them, but are valueless when they occur to a man who, like the Physician, is content with merely throwing them out. If the Physician were never on the edge of suggesting something that might be worth following up, he would not be a good sample of his species. He would be beneath the average foolish philanthropist. But he saves himself from being above the average by the feeble use he makes of his own thoughts, such as they are, and the contentment with which he wraps them in a veil of heavy elegant platitudes.

It is only as a sham-Solomon reformer that we have to do with

the Physician, but as he professes to enrich his book with records and stories of his own medical experience, we ought perhaps to state what these personal experiences amount to. For the most part they are told in a plodding, matter-of-fact way, which prevents the story from having any interest as a story; but to make up, they are generally shaped so as to point a moral. Their chief characteristic is the introduction of the most awful catastrophes, in order to show the result of slight failings. The volume opens with a dissertation on married life, and the great point taken is that wives should not be untidy. To enforce this doctrine, we are told of a husband who was all devotion to his wife until she began to let her things lie about, whereon he began to stay away until midnight at a pot-house, and thereby one cold night caught an inflammation of the lungs, and was nursed by his wife, who, for a short time afterwards, was more tidy, but again let her things lie about, whereon her husband went to the pot-house worse than ever, and sang glees, and ultimately took prussic acid in the street, and died, leaving the untidy woman unprovided for. A similarly fearful story is inserted later in the book, as a warning against good-nature. There was a very pleasant, good-looking, good-humoured man, who married a friend of the Physician. The wife was very unhappy because her husband was so good-natured that he always accepted any invitation that was given him. Consequently, she took to drinking. The husband sank lower and lower, and died in a hospital. Perhaps these are true cases. The Physician knew a man who took prussic acid in the street, and another who, having married respectably, died in a hospital. But the stories show how useless even true facts are to a man like the Physician. There were, we may be sure, a thousand causes at work besides those on which the Physician lays the stress to bring about the dreadful result. No one will believe that it is a fair deduction from the ordinary experience of human life that, if a wife leaves her work about, the husband will take prussic acid. The mode, however, in which the Physician treats facts of private life like these throws great light on his method of dealing with the problems of public and social life. If we could examine the origin of the various crude schemes for regenerating society that float yearly by us, we should find that they almost always proceeded from men who view the most trifling incidents of their daily existence through a halo of moral exaggeration.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.*

WE have seen that Napoleon's hopes of invading England, in the year 1805, were laid aside when Admiral Villeneuve, after quitting Ferrol, and steering for the English Channel, altered his course to avoid the supposed approach of a hostile fleet, and entered the port of Cadiz. The army which had so long contemplated from its encampments the white cliffs of hated Albion marched with wonderful swiftness and precision to win the triumphs of Ulm and Austerlitz. But amid the engrossing cares and far-reaching combinations of that campaign the French Emperor yet found leisure to send positive orders to his fleet once more to tempt the dangers of the sea. The plan of operations which he now dictated was to pass the Straits of Gibraltar, call for the Spanish squadron at Carthage, land the troops on board the fleet at Naples, and, after doing all possible injury to British interests in the Mediterranean, to return to Toulon, the port from which all these movements were to have commenced. Lord Nelson had now arrived from England, taking care that no salute should be fired nor colours hoisted at his appearance, so as to keep the enemy in ignorance of the reinforcement which, both in ships, and still more in his own person, he had brought to the fleet which watched them. He took up a position about sixteen or eighteen leagues west of Cadiz, so that the amount of his force might not be known, and also to avoid the risk of being driven into the Mediterranean, and there detained by the strong westerly gales common at this season, as he might have been if he had lain nearer to the Straits. Thus Admiral Villeneuve was urged by the positive orders of his master, and was also allured by the hope of entering the Mediterranean without a battle. Every movement of the combined fleet was, however, observed by frigates in the offing, and communicated by a chain of repeating ships to Lord Nelson.

For ten days, after every preparation had been made for sailing, gales from the westward detained the Franco-Spanish fleet in Cadiz harbour. At length, on the 19th and 20th of October, thirty-three sail-of-the-line got out to sea. On the evening of the 20th, the hostile fleets were in each other's sight; and at daybreak on the 21st, it was seen by the allies that the British were to windward of them, with a force nearly equal to their own. The wind was now west-north-west, and the signal was made by the French admiral to form in close line of battle on the starboard tack—that is, with the wind on the right hand, and to steer south-west. The line, when formed, extended over nearly five miles. The two fleets were now about ten or twelve miles apart. At 6.40 A.M., Lord Nelson made the signals to form the order of sailing in two columns, and to prepare for battle, and in ten minutes afterwards the signal to bear up. The effect of these movements was that the British fleet, now

* *The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV.* By William James. A New Edition, with Additions and Notes. In 6 vols. Vol. III. London: Bentley. 1859.

going nearly before the wind, or with the wind almost astern, approached the enemy in two parallel lines, as rapidly as a light breeze could carry it. Lord Nelson considered that the old-fashioned method of forming a numerous fleet into a single line of battle was apt to cause delay, in which the moment for decisive action might be lost. The sum of his tactics was to bring his ships as quickly as possible alongside of their opponents, and to trust to the skill and courage of his captains, unembarrassed by frequent and imperfectly understood signals, to do the rest. His views had been explained to his officers in repeated conversations, as well as in an elaborate memorandum, which closed with the characteristic admonition, that amid the confusion of a sea-fight "no captain could do very wrong who placed his ship alongside of an enemy." Acting upon the principle thus laid down, Lord Nelson gave the few simple orders which now rendered an action unavoidable. Seeing this, the French Admiral, at 8.30 A.M., made the signal for his ships to wear together and form the line in close order on the larboard tack, or with the wind on the left hand, so as to bring Cadiz on his lee-bow, and to facilitate, if necessary, his escape into that port. It was near 10 A.M. before this manœuvre was completed; and then, owing to the lightness of the breeze, the partial flaws of wind from off the land, the heavy ground-swell, and the incapacity or inexperience of some of the captains, the Franco-Spanish line was very irregularly formed—so much so, that instead of being straight it was curved or crescent-like, and for the most part the ships were two, and, in a few cases, three deep. The general direction of the course of the combined fleet was now from south to north. The British were approaching in two parallel lines, steering nearly perpendicularly to the enemy's line, or from about west to east. The wind, as we have said, was from west-north-west, and so light that the British fleet under all sail went little more than three miles an hour. The shoals of San Pedro and Trafalgar were under the lee of both fleets, and distant when the action began not more than five leagues. The danger of finding himself at nightfall near a lee shore with a dimasted and disabled fleet, induced Lord Nelson to make the signal to prepare to anchor at the close of day. Before the fleet bore up, the windward or weather column was necessarily further distant from the enemy than the lee column, and thus it happened that the latter got into action a few minutes before the former.

The *Victory*, bearing Lord Nelson's flag, led the weather, or northerly and left-hand column, and the lee, or southerly and right-hand column was headed by Vice-Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. Attempts were made to persuade Lord Nelson to yield the post of danger, but in vain. All the orders necessary to ensure a decisive battle had now been issued, and, at 11.40 A.M., the famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," aroused the enthusiasm of the fleet. Lord Nelson's customary signal on going into action, "Engage the enemy more closely," was also kept flying. The two British columns, about a mile and a half apart, bore slowly down upon the double or triple line of the allies. "It was just at noon, the wind very light, the sea smooth, with a great ground-swell setting from the westward, and the sun shining in a beautiful manner upon the fresh-painted sides of the long line of French and Spanish ships, that the *Fougueux*, the second astern of the *Santa Ana*, whose station was a little abaft the centre of the combined line, opened, by signal, a fire upon the *Royal Sovereign*, then bearing on the French ship's larboard bow, and considerably within gun-shot." Thus does Mr. James describe the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar. At about ten minutes past noon, having reached a position close astern of the three-decker *Santa Ana*, the *Royal Sovereign* fired into her with guns double-shotted, and with such precision, as to kill or wound nearly four hundred of her crew and to disable fourteen of her guns. The *Royal Sovereign* then put her helm a-starboard, and ranged along the right, or lee side, of the *Santa Ana*, so close that the guns were nearly muzzle to muzzle. A tremendous cannonade ensued between the two three-deckers, and, at the same time, the *Fougueux* raked the British ship astern, and the *San Leandro* ahead, while the *Indomptable* and *San Justo* fired into her starboard, or lee quarter and bow. It resulted from the double and triple formation of the combined line that five, or even more, ships were thus able to concentrate their fire upon a single enemy. For upwards of fifteen minutes the *Royal Sovereign* was the only British ship in close action. At the end of that time the *Belleisle* came to her assistance. Meanwhile the *Victory*, at the head of the weather column, was slowly advancing within gun-shot distance of the enemy. About twenty minutes past noon the *Bucentaure*, which bore the flag of Admiral Villeneuve, fired a shot at the *Victory*, which was then, with studding-sails set on both sides, steering about east, and going at the rate of less than two miles an hour. "The shot fell short. Two or three minutes elapsed, and a second shot was fired; which, the *Victory* then about a mile and a quarter distant, fell alongside. A third shot almost immediately followed, and that went over the ship. One or two others did the same, until at length a shot went through the *Victory's* maintop-gallant-sail, affording to the enemy the first visible proof that his shot would reach. A minute or two of awful silence ensued, and then, as if by signal from the French admiral, the whole van, or at least seven or eight of the weathermost ships, opened a fire upon the *Victory*, such a fire as had scarcely ever before been directed at a single ship." Since the commencement of the firing the wind had gradually died away to a mere breath; still the *Victory*,

driven onward by the swell and the remains of her previous impetus, was going slowly ahead. For forty minutes she sustained a heavy and unrelenting fire, and had lost fifty men, killed and wounded, before attempting any return. This loss would have been still more severe if the enemy's guns had not been pointed, according to the usual practice of the French and Spaniards, at the rigging and sails, rather than at the hull of the ship. At 1 P.M. the larboard or left-hand broadside of the *Victory* was fired into the *Bucentaure* as she passed close under her stern. Nearly four hundred men were killed or wounded by this deliberately aimed discharge, and twenty guns were dismantled by it, and the French flag-ship was reduced almost to a defenceless state. Close ahead of the *Victory*, and firing into her with every gun that could be brought to bear, lay the *Neptune* and the *Redoutable*. It was impossible to avoid getting foul of one or other of these ships, and at 1.10 P.M. the *Victory* ran on board of the *Redoutable*, and remained fast to her. At 1.25 P.M. a musket shot fired from this ship's mizen-top gave Lord Nelson a mortal wound, of which he died at about 4.45 P.M.

Thus ended the career of the greatest of England's naval heroes, but not before he had fully done the work which his country had given him to do. The action began, as we have seen, at noon, and arrived at its height at 1.30 P.M. At 3 P.M. the firing slackened, and at about 5 P.M. wholly ceased. Of the fourteen van-ships of the combined line, against which the *Victory* headed the attack, six were captured and eight escaped, four by hauling to windward, and four by running for Cadiz. Of the nineteen rear-ships, assailed by the *Royal Sovereign* and the ships which followed her, eleven were taken and one burnt, and seven escaped into Cadiz. Thus eighteen ships in all were captured or destroyed out of thirty-three. The British fleet which gained this splendid victory numbered twenty-seven ships, and may be reckoned, after making every fair allowance for differences of rates and guns, to have been of a force one-sixth inferior to the enemy.

And now, while the last hours of Nelson's glorious life are passing in the cockpit of the *Victory*, let us try to select from Mr. James's ample details of the performances of every ship in the British fleet, one or two examples of singular daring and endurance. The total loss of the British amounted to 1690 killed and wounded, of which amount about six-sevenths fell to the share of fourteen out of the twenty-seven ships engaged. With a few exceptions, the ships so suffering were in the van of their respective columns. This was in consequence of the peculiar mode of attack adopted, coupled with the fall of the breeze after the firing had begun. The leading ships of each column, as they approached within gun-shot of the combined fleet, were exposed to the deliberate and uninterrupted fire of seven or eight ships drawn up in line ahead, without being able, until nearly on board of them, to bring a gun to bear in return. The moment the advancing ships did begin to engage, the French and Spanish ships closed for mutual support, and thus not only prevented each other from firing at such of the British ships as were still bearing down, but became too seriously occupied with close antagonists to bestow much attention upon distant ones. The confident reliance which every British captain felt in his comrades was the fruit of ten years' fellowship in victory. The leading ships plunged boldly amid clusters of the enemy, well knowing that help was near. We quitted the *Royal Sovereign* just as, after fifteen minutes of close action with four or five ships, the *Belleisle* had come to her relief. The latter, passing on to the eastward, left the *Royal Sovereign* on the *Santa Ana's* starboard bow. In an hour and a quarter after the commencement of the combat the Spanish ship's three masts fell over her side. After two hours of hot, and, with the exception of the *Belleisle's* broadside, uninterrupted engagement between the two ships, the *Santa Ana* struck to the *Royal Sovereign*. The latter had her main and mizen-masts shot away, and the foremast was left tottering. Her loss in killed and wounded amounted to 141 men—a loss which was only exceeded by the *Victory* and two other ships. The Spanish ship was slightly superior in force, and not more inferior in skill than ships of her country will probably always prove to British ships. A more gallant defence could not have been made, nor could any efforts have protracted resistance longer. The *Belleisle*, which followed the *Royal Sovereign*, lost fifty or sixty men before getting into action. She was engaged with six enemy's ships, either successively or three or four at once. At 1 P.M. the *Fougueux* ran on board of her, and soon shot away her mizen-mast, the wreck falling over her larboard quarter. This ship then quitted her; but at 1.30 P.M. the *Achille* stationed herself so that the wreck of the *Belleisle's* mast prevented that ship's guns from firing on her. Meanwhile the *Aigle* cannonaded the British ship on the opposite side, and at 2.30 P.M. the *Neptune* took a position across her bow. At 2.45 P.M. all three masts and the bowsprit of the *Belleisle* had been shot away, and the guns on her larboard side had long since been completely masked by wreck. But still there was no thought of giving back to France the gallant ship, which, as her name shows, had once sailed under the tricolour; and at last assistance came. At 3.15 P.M. the *Polypheuse* interposed herself between the *Belleisle* and *Neptune*. In five minutes more, the *Defiance* took off the fire of the *Aigle*; and at 3.25 P.M. the *Swiftsure*, passing under the stern of the *Belleisle*, commenced engaging the *Achille*. As the *Swiftsure* passed, the two ships cheered each other, and a union-jack was held up on a pike, to signify that, notwithstanding her dimasted and shattered state, the *Belleisle* remained unconquered. Thus, by the timely arrival of her friends saved from being crushed by the overwhelming

force around her, the *Belleisle* ceased firing. Another ship of the lee line which lost even more men than the *Belleisle*, but escaped with less damage to her hull and masts, was the *Bellerophon*. She was assailed at once by five enemies; and the same ship had been dismantled and utterly disabled at the battle of the Nile. The *Tonnant*, one of the prizes of the Nile, went into action ahead of the *Bellerophon*.

The *Redoutable*, the ship from which Lord Nelson received his death wound, had, as we have seen, been run on board of by the *Victory*, and soon after the *Téméraire* got foul of her on the other side. No ship in the combined fleet was more bravely or skilfully fought than the *Redoutable*, but with a British three-decker on either side her fate could not be doubtful. The *Téméraire* while foul of the *Redoutable* was boarded on the other side by the *Fougueux*, which came ranging along from her position astern of the *Santa Ana* towards the van of the combined fleet. The *Fougueux* became the prize of the *Téméraire*, who, sailing fast and being close astern of the *Victory*, had suffered almost equally with her leader in bearing down to the attack. After the surrender of the two French ships close to them, neither of the two leading British ships was capable of seeking a fresh opponent. They were occupied in getting themselves to rights, and the *Victory* had for some time ceased firing, when five of the enemy's van-ships, which had tacked and quitted their stations without engaging, appeared in line to windward of the group of disabled British ships and prizes, hoping probably to capture some of them. But the two rearmost ships of the British weather column had not yet, although it was now 3:10 P.M., found any opportunity of firing a shot. These ships were now at hand to aid the *Victory* and *Téméraire*, who prepared, as best they could, to receive their fresh assailants. The four leading ships of the hostile squadron, which were French, declined to follow up their threats, and standing to the southward escaped almost unharmed from the scene of battle. A few days later these four ships were fallen in with and captured by a British squadron under Sir Richard Strachan. The fifth of the tacking ships, a Spaniard, was cut off and compelled to strike by the two rearmost British ships. The conclusion of the firing which the *Victory* opened upon these French ships as they passed to windward so affected Lord Nelson, that he called out "Oh, *Victory*, *Victory*, how you distract my poor brain." He was assured before death of the grandeur and completeness of his triumph, and almost the last words he uttered were an emphatic charge to anchor the fleet and prizes at the close of day, in pursuance of the signal which he had made before the battle. When it is said that Cape Trafalgar was, when the action terminated, only eight miles distant from the *Royal Sovereign*, which was then in thirteen fathoms water, while the wind was dead on shore, it will be seen that a dismantled and shattered fleet was not far from dangers more terrible than those of battle. But Vice-Admiral Collingwood, who had now the direction of affairs, thought fit to delay anchoring. The disaster which Nelson apprehended fell in full force upon the crippled fleet, but whether he could, if he had lived, have obviated it, must remain doubtful. For a week after the battle the disabled British ships and prizes were afflicted with severe gales, driving them on a lee shore, where shipwreck in all its awful forms was again and again repeated.

On the evening of the battle, the wind, although blowing on shore, was fortunately moderate, but there was a very uneasy swell, highly distressing to the dismantled ships. Towards midnight the wind veered and freshened, and taking advantage of the change, the ships, except four of the dismantled prizes which had anchored off Cape Trafalgar, wore and drifted to seaward. During the 22nd, all the prizes that remained under way were got hold of and towed towards the west. At 5 P.M. on that day, one of these prizes, the *Redoutable*, being actually sinking, hoisted a signal of distress. At 10:30 P.M., she had her stern entirely under water, and the towing-ship cut herself clear. There was now a gale blowing on shore, and amid a dreadful night of wind, rain, and lightning, the British boats brought off part of the prize-crew, and 170 Frenchmen. The remainder of the *Redoutable's* crew and twenty British sailors perished in her. In the same night the *Fougueux* drifted on shore, and was totally wrecked, with the loss of almost all her surviving crew and some men belonging to the *Téméraire*. Another of the prizes, the *Algésiras*, had lost all three masts. There were on board nearly 600 Frenchmen and only fifty British. Not a man could be spared from guarding the prisoners to rig jurmasts and work the ship off a lee-shore. The few British ships near at hand were little more efficient than the prize. Thus passed the blowing night of the 21st, and morning found the *Algésiras* separated from the British fleet, and drifting towards the rocks near Cape Trafalgar. In the evening of the 22nd, being only three miles to windward of the spot where the *Fougueux* was then beating to pieces, the British officer in command set the prisoners at liberty in order that they might save the lives of all on board. Jurmasts were rigged, and the ship barely cleared the rocks, and managed to enter Cadiz, thus passing again into the possession of the French. Another prize, the flag-ship of the combined fleet, the *Bucentaure*, was driven on shore and lost on the 22nd, but the greater part of her crew were saved. On the morning of the 23rd a squadron of ships which had escaped into Cadiz put to sea, hoping to recapture some of the remaining prize-hulls then driving about the coast. The wind still blew with extreme violence, and many of the prizes had broken their tow-ropes, and

were in part only again secured. On the appearance of the Franco-Spanish squadron the most efficient of the British ships cast off the hulls, of which they had with so much difficulty recovered possession, and formed in line. The French commodore did not venture within gun-shot, but he recaptured the *Santa Ana*, the hard-won prize of the *Royal Sovereign*, and another ship, and carried them safe into port. But this success was very dearly purchased. Two ships of the combined squadron were wrecked, and another was taken by the British, and afterwards lost, with a portion of her prize-crew. The continuance of bad weather determined Vice-Admiral Collingwood to destroy all the leewardmost of the captured ships. As the gale increased in violence two or three more of them were lost, and it took several days to collect and anchor the remaining hulls preparatory to their destruction. On the 28th the gale abated, and, by the 30th, the work of sinking and burning was complete. Of all the trophies of Trafalgar there remained to the conquerors only one French and three Spanish 74-gun-ships, and three of these had been preserved by anchoring after the battle, as Lord Nelson, with his dying breath, had urged the whole fleet to do. It must, however, be remembered that many of the British ships and prizes had probably come out of the conflict without a sound anchor or cable left, and therefore it is by no means certain that the order to anchor could, if given, have been generally obeyed.

The principal interest of the naval war with France ceases with the battle of Trafalgar. The activity of the French dockyards soon supplied the loss of ships; but, so long at least as the ancient methods of propulsion and of naval tactics prevailed at sea, the British superiority remained at the point where it had been left by Nelson. Ingenuity had been exhausted in the combinations which preceded, and the resources of France and Spain had been taxed to supply the forces which underwent this disastrous defeat. Nothing can be more evident than that, under the old system of maritime warfare, the British sailor possessed an inherent superiority to the sailors of the various Continental nations opposed to him. Suppose, in either of Nelson's battles, that the position of the combatants had been reversed, still victory would have rested on the side which obeyed Nelson's few and simple signals. Of course, Nelson would never have placed a fleet in the position in which he found his enemies at the Nile or at Trafalgar; but if he could have committed such a blunder, still he would have contrived to escape the consequences which fell on those who had his quick perception ranged against them to take the full advantage of their mistakes. Let us imagine for a moment that the five sail which appeared in line to windward of the *Victory* and *Téméraire* at the height of the battle of Trafalgar had been British ships, and that French flags had been flying at the mastsheads of the two disabled three-deckers. We cannot feel a doubt that those flags must have been hauled down. Of Nelson's skill in seamanship we may perhaps form an inadequate idea, because of the very simplicity of the final movements by which he brought on his battles. But it was this quality in the admiral, as well as in the captains of his fleet, which enabled him to enter at nightfall an unknown bay in Egypt, to thread, with but partial damage, the intricate channel of Copenhagen, and during the night before Trafalgar to steer a course amid shifting breezes, which brought him at sunrise to windward of and near the enemy. But Nelson was not merely an expert and courageous seaman. The pure flame of patriotism burned ever in that heroic soul, and the sum of his religion might be expressed in Homer's line—

The one best omen is to fight for fatherland.

He served his country in a spirit which will often guide her sons to victory, and always sustain them under defeat—the spirit in which he spoke the very last words that passed his lips—"I have done my duty. I praise God for it."

A FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF ENGLAND.*

M. ESQUIROS is certainly amply justified in complaining of the pictures of England which writers of his own nation generally draw. The majority of Frenchmen look upon themselves as the legitimate successors of the Greeks and Romans, and think they have a full right to despise all other nations as barbarians; and the little that their contempt allows them to see, the necessities of an epigrammatic style do not allow them to express. Whether it is that they copy shamelessly from each other, or that the same prejudices constantly produce the same blunders, French descriptions of English manners run very much in the same groove. The conventional features of the caricature are almost as familiar to us as the oaths and sentiments of the stage seaman. There is always the same belief in the despotic privileges of "lords," the same estimate of the marketable value of an English wife, the same wonderful tales of the unbounded liberties of an English "Miss," and, above all, that profound and inexplicable veneration for the Lord Mayor which seems to be innate in every Continental breast. M. Esquiros' work is a great advance on a state of ignorance disgraceful to the literature of a nation whose commerce is so intimately connected with our own. He has had good opportunities, and has used them well. A resident in England—more, apparently, from necessity than from choice—he has lived just long enough among us to know England

* *L'Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise*. Par A. Esquiros. Paris and London: Hachette, 1859.

without ceasing to be French. He is totally free, therefore, from the grotesque mistakes of which his countrymen are so fond; and with a very few exceptions, which are apparently due to his printer, he has even shaken himself free of the extraordinary misspellings which, in writing about England, the most distinguished French writers so religiously observe. And in his descriptions of English manners, so far as they go, he metes out to us a more favourable measure than we are accustomed to receive, or, perhaps, to measure out to others. His view of English character is that of a critic who intensely admires its excellences, and has sufficiently entered into its spirit to be anxious to deal gently with its faults. Indeed, he not unfrequently exceeds the bounds which even an Englishman would assign to praise; and we fear that his Anglomania will be anything but acceptable to the public whom he is specially addressing. He is prudent enough to avoid political questions, for a speedy visit on the part of M. Hachette to the tribunal of the Correctional Police would have been the infallible result of the application to English politics of the tone and temper of criticism which he has brought to the consideration of English society. On minor points even the elastic modesty of our countrymen would find it difficult to endorse some of his compliments. When he applies the *incessu patuit dea* to the gait of the average Surrey peasant girl, and says that her *démarche est toute une révélation*, we sympathize with his gallantry, without caring to inquire too narrowly into its applicability to the muscular amazon of our own experience. But when he tells us of the antique virtue of the Welsh pastoral population, and of the touching family pictures of which their homes are the background, we can only feel that we are bound, in mere gratitude, to maintain against all comers the spotless reputations of the Paris grisettes. We can hardly resist an uneasy suspicion of a concealed sarcasm when M. Esquiros talks of poor Snowdon as being "the giant of the British Alps;" and when he cites the engineer of the *Great Eastern* as a typical instance of the energy of the Anglo-Saxon character, it is difficult to imagine that he can have forgotten that the lamented engineer was by blood a Frenchman. But all these exaggerations are only the result of an amiable desire to shed the pleasantest hues round the picture of the nation which he has undertaken as a labour of love to portray, and whose hospitality he gratefully acknowledges. It only serves to bring out in stronger relief the difference between him and the other modern French writers with whom he enters into competition.

But, notwithstanding this strongly marked contrast, the description is essentially and amusingly French. In spite of many laudable efforts, he cannot divest himself of his national peculiarities, or look at his subject from a cosmopolitan point of view. He has brought a true Frenchman's aversion for the solid, and passion for the brilliant, to the description of the most practical and least showy people in the world. Of a picture of English society in all its phases, of any inquiry into the genius that animates it, or the causes which have engendered its merits and its faults, there is not a trace. No Frenchman would yoke himself to such a literary drudgery. Like most of his countrymen, his attention is entirely confined to the melodramatic and the picturesque; and he has hunted out such points of view with a diligence which, considering their rarity, must certainly have been laborious. He treats English life and society exactly as a French cook treats a good wholesome bit of mutton when he chances to get hold of it. The French cook's only care seems to be to give as little meat and as much of every other ingredient which his ingenuity can bring together as possible. When the dish comes to table, it probably turns out to be a minute nucleus of mutton in the midst of a huge nebula of vegetables, mushrooms, condiments, pastry, and sauce. That is exactly the position occupied by *la vie Anglaise* in comparison to the supplementary discussions and descriptions by which it is surrounded, and which almost fill up the book professing to portray it. Since his residence in England, M. Esquiros has evidently had a good deal of time on his hands; and, being a man of active mind, he has devoted it to a somewhat variegated series of inquiries, none of them very profound, but all of them supplying him abundantly with that very minute substratum of fact which is all that a Frenchman needs for the development of the most symmetrical and imposing edifices of theory. The results of these inquiries and studies were none of them complete enough to furnish matter for a separate treatise; and he was probably in some perplexity as to the best mode of giving to the world this motley progeny of his brain, until the bright idea occurred to him that, as they were all engendered in England, they might be included under the comprehensive title of *England and English Life*. It is impossible to conceive any other explanation of the strange disagreement between the title-page and the contents, without imputing to the author the most eccentric ideas concerning the nature of English life. The book begins with a long chapter on the geology of Great Britain, in which the whole geological series is carefully traced up from the Longmynd strata to the latest alluviums. The information it contains is not perhaps very new, but it is put together with a vivacity and clearness which make it very agreeable reading. Then comes a chapter on the ethnology of the various races whom successive floods of invasion have left upon the British soil. By this time the author has reached the middle of his book, and may be supposed to feel some compunction at the thought that he has not yet begun his subject. Accordingly, he ends the chapter with a consoling promise:

"English life changes with every class, every profession, and every locality; it is not the same in the towns that it is in the country; and it is on these various theatres of action that it must be followed. That task will now be the easier that we have seen the origin of the population, and of the various elements of which it is composed."

After this assurance, the rest of the book is as puzzling as a Codex out of which half the leaves have been lost. It consists but of three chapters; and these three chapters, which, after the words we have quoted, may be supposed to have been intended by the author to convey to the reader's eye a panorama of English life, are headed as follows:—1. *Les Gypsies et la Vie Errante*. 2. *Les Houblonnières et les Brasseries*. 3. *Les Industries Eccentriques*. Accordingly, we have a detailed account of the gipsies of the New Forest, whom the author had the curiosity to visit—a curiosity which went so far as even to induce him to pass a night in their encampment. Then comes an equally minute narrative of pilgrimages to the hop-grounds of Kent and the often-described breweries of Barclay and Perkins; and lastly, to close his survey of English life, a chapter is devoted to "the eccentric professions," consisting of the strolling players and the various street showmen and singers. And the author concludes the book apparently without the slightest misgiving that his classification has not exhausted every possible phase of English society. Of upper classes and middle classes, of mechanics and labourers, he has said nothing. Any life passed in respectable clothing, and under a water-tight roof, he entirely ignores. His whole notion of the British nation on whose virtues and achievements he spends so many laudatory epithets, appears to consist either in the denizens of the tap-room or the thirty thousand odd floating vagabonds reported by Mr. Horace Mann as having no definite abode.

It is the mania for epigrams that has been fatal to M. Esquiros, as it has to so many of his countrymen before him. Gipsies and strolling players are more attractive ware to a *littérateur* than the monotonous respectability of tradesmen and artisans. We can only regret that he should have thrown away on materials so unworthy an agreeable style and a mind so unworried by prejudice. In shaking himself free from national prepossessions, he has obtained a clearness of insight which gives to many of his remarks a value beyond that of the light magazine-writing by which they are enclosed. We will take an instance pertinent to the current delusions on the subject of nationality, and containing wholesome doctrine for these times:—

Ethnology contains a moral lesson. . . . It teaches us, in fact, that races of men possess each different gifts, special instincts, an intelligence moulded on a peculiar type, outward features that have all a relative beauty, and aptitudes that correspond to certain needs of the social state. It is by shaking and mingling these human elements in the sacred urn of nations, that Providence forms the living material of history. Simple races show faculties equally simple and limited; on the other hand, the more races are mingled, the more the national character abounds in varieties which combine, even by their opposition, in extending the resources of civilization. You have before your eyes the imposing spectacle of variety in unity. The English nation is a composite nation, and thence its power.

English and French society have many things to teach each other, and for this end they need writers on both sides who are above national antipathies and conceits. M. Esquiros is so happily fitted in respect to this moral qualification for undertakings of a graver character, that we cannot help regretting that he should devote himself to a species of literature whose only merit is that it sells well at a railway book-stall. If his work had only fulfilled the simple condition of being what it professed to be, the talent displayed in the book as it stands leaves no doubt that it would have brought to its author a very considerable addition of reputation.

FAUST.*

DR. ZERFFI tells us in his preface that "two-and-twenty English translations of *Faust*, every one with notes more or less copious, already exist." To judge from the more popular specimens of these works, Dr. Zerffi was amply justified in attempting a fresh edition. Further than this we cannot go, for we do not think the attempt itself successful. Of course, a great deal of information is given, which an English student unacquainted with German literature would wish to have; but the notes are needlessly long, and the explanations are often useless, and still more commonly wrong. Dr. Zerffi seems to unite, by a curious mixture, the voluminous industry of a German commentator to the zeal of an English evangelical clergyman; and the effects of such copartnership are not a little singular. But the leading principle of his criticisms, his explanation of the central idea of *Faust*, must, in common fairness, be given in his own words:—

The presumption which leads men to ask questions far beyond their reach, and which must remain unanswered, and then to plunge into the grossest licentiousness because they do remain unanswered; the gradual development of truth from error, the overstrained endeavours of the reason, and the coarse degradation of humanity, are all concentrated in the single character of *Faust*. He shows us plainly that the attempted analysis of our spiritual nature, the ruminating over useless metaphysical problems, and the pompous verbosity assumed by many to conceal their real ignorance, are the destruction of science and a death-blow to knowledge. He hates the empty formalities of life, the jingle of words, and the caricature of science; and to a certain extent he is right, for human nature is limited enough. But *Faust* goes further; he is discontented with his religion, with his God; he has lost all

* *Goethe's Faust*. With Critical and Explanatory Notes by G. G. Zerffi, Ph.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

faith in the truths of the Bible, and gives himself up, body and soul, to the powers of hell, determined to enjoy the bodily pleasure of life, and to stifle the outcries of his spiritual nature by sensuality. But human nature is twofold; to cultivate one part exclusively, and to disregard the other, leads to crime against God and nature. Faust's character shows that it is only in a harmonious union of the two that we can discover the solution of the great problems of human happiness.

Mistakes of this sort are very common, and are the great reason why, in spite of an enormous circulation, *Faust* has never yet been understood by the English public. Assuredly the great poem of the eighteenth century was never intended to display the evils of over-speculation or even of scepticism. The age would scarcely have listened to such a satire; and Goethe himself did not wander about the world to tilt as a knight-errant for the Augsburg Confession. Faust undoubtedly hates the affectation of knowledge, and is only the truer student for doing so. He nowhere ceases to question because he sometimes wishes to enjoy. Neither can it be said that the deep and tender love for Gretchen, although in the issue miswrought to ruin by foul devil's play, was in its beginnings and purport merely sensual; while the pursuit of Helen in the second part of the poem is the spiritual frenzy of an artistic nature. Again, it is a palpable misrepresentation to speak of Faust as resolving "to give himself up, body and soul, to the powers of hell." His compact with Mephistopheles is conditional, and the conditions are so nicely worded that the victim scarcely falls forfeit after many years. The preface, which Dr. Zerffi has thought fit to omit, would have taught him, had he studied it properly, the true moral of the great drama—that "a good man in his dim press of thought is yet conscious to himself of the right path." The idealist may stray, but he never sinks.

The poem of *Faust*, like every other representative work of art, can only be understood from the history of the times. It is the epic of a revolutionary age; and the war of ideas in the eighteenth century—the reaction against common life with its pedantry and vulgarisms, strangely blended with the desire to destroy and create anew—the loathing of system and the love of nature, with a misconception of nature's highest purpose, are the theatrical machinery by which the actors are moved. If Wagner is the pupil of Wolff, and has an inherent belief in words, Faust is the child of Rousseau, and falls back upon nature when he cannot find God. The very first scene shows him to us baffled in the search after transcendental truth, and mocked by the spirit whom he has conjured up. There is a terrible cynicism in the image of a world that has ceased to believe in churches or creeds, and whose questionings have only evoked inscrutable difficulties. The despair consequent upon this failure, the disgust at the self-complacent learning of his *Famulus*, and the kindred though seemingly opposite desires, first of self-destruction, and then of sensual enjoyment, are no mere phases of a nature too highly-toned for the ways of common men—they are the vulgar experiences which every day is still bringing forth abundantly. They were painfully present to the minds of that generation which had seen the dawn of the First Revolution in France, and its sun setting in blood. The great destroyers of social untruths had ended by bringing ruin upon every household hearth—they had cursed "hope and faith," as Faust himself unconsciously indicates, when they began only by cursing "all that surrounds the soul with illusion and jugglery." Yet Goethe, in spite of the artist's conservative tendencies, did justice to the splendid visionaries who had beaten down what they could never build again. The "Song of the Invisible Spirits" is a grand dirge over the iconoclasts and their work:—

Alas, alas,
Thou hast destroyed it,
This beautiful world,
With powerful stroke,
It crashes, it falls in ruin,
A demi-god hath struck it to pieces.
We bear
The fragments away into nothingness,
And sorrow
Over the lost beauty.
Mighty one
Among the sons of earth,
Glorious one
Build it up again,
Build it up again in thy breast.

* In the compact with Mephistopheles the words themselves are all that need to be recalled. If Faust shall ever say to the passing moment, "linger, thou art so beautiful," he is from that instant bound over to the devil. The secret of his confidence lies in his certainty that he can never find happiness out of the highest ideal. Something more spiritual than reason has yet given him or the world can promise must be attained. Mephistopheles, on the other hand, trusts, naturally enough, to the earthly devil that is inborn in every man. Both are mistaken; and in that error lies the grand moral import of the poem. The real danger for Faust lies in his second temptation—the love for Margaret. The untutored simplicity and entire trustfulness of the village girl are great artistic requisites in the plot. Faust, in his present state, would revolt from anything like secular culture, just as the age that the Encyclopædists had trained deserted its prophets for the school of nature, and looked for the typical man among savages. The dramatic difficulty is to understand why the love of a true woman like Gretchen does not give Faust the desired and fatal moment of happiness. The answer is found in the devilish by-plot by which Mephistopheles imparts a guilty character

to his pupil's passion, and in Faust's own consciousness that he is ruining the woman he loves. In fact, Mephistopheles defeats his own purpose through a want of simplicity of aim. Instead of conducting the intrigue through a labyrinth of lust and murder, he should have suffered Corydon to settle in the village with Phillis, and be catechised into faith. But, although mediæval legend represents the devil as profoundly versed in Scripture, he would be untrue to himself if he omitted an opportunity of crime, even to secure a soul. He fails with poetical justice through his own short-sight.

Partly because it was written later in life, and wants a patent unity of conception—very much, we suspect, because it is long and difficult to those who will not think—the second part of *Faust* has come to be looked upon as a separate drama. The two poems are really one and undivisible. Faust, incapable of a second passion for a woman, and anxious rather to stifle thought than to live, attempts the enjoyment of power and the pursuit of ideal beauty. The great forms of Greek and Gothic mythology pass before him like a dream, and his heart is not warmed—he sees only the glitter and emptiness of a court. The devil seems to shrink from his side in weariness, and Faust, left to himself, employs his old age in reclaiming land from the sea. Blind, crippled, and on the border of the grave, he pronounces the fatal words of the contract, and is straightway claimed by Mephistopheles. But his last actions have given the angels part in him, and they claim him and carry him away in triumph. By an exquisite thought, the victim of his old sin is amongst those who bear Faust up to heaven. His love for Margaret, after all, had been a saving fragment of his life; and what was impure in it had been already expiated by misery. There is something of a grand strain of prophecy in this issue of events. The world that had thought and acted and suffered much, had been blinded in looking on the light, and untrue to itself in the honest search for nature, was at last to have much forgiven it because it had loved much. The ideal and the real are to find their point of union in the heart.

We are almost ashamed to have gone at length into this explanation of such a poem as *Faust*. But while the great mass of readers refuse to study it in its entirety, and while commentators are still found to overlay the natural sense by verbiage about "the bright star of Religion" and "the dark spectre of Atheism," the labour of any man who rests simply upon the text and history can hardly fail to have a certain critical value. Dr. Zerffi's book, as we have said, has some merit. He partly knows what Goethe meant, though he has chosen to overlay the meaning; and his work may possibly secure admittance for *Faust* into circles where it is at present considered profane. But even this prospect shall not induce us to disguise the truth. That truth is, that Goethe was not a Christian, nor has his great work any religious object, as the word "religion" is understood by Christians; and we warn readers who may be entrapped by Dr. Zerffi's evangelical exposition that it has nothing to do with "the doctrine of the Triune God," or in any appreciable sense with "the truths of the Bible."

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICANISMS.*

IT is a curious question whether, in the present state of things, the formation of a new language is possible. Hitherto, languages have had the opportunity of growing, so to speak, invisibly. In unrecorded times the various Indo-European tongues grew, no one can tell how, out of the old Arian mother-speech. In like manner Greek has produced Romaic, and Latin the Romance languages, in times whose history is indeed recorded, but not the history of their language. The changes took place just because nobody thought about them. One corruption was introduced in Gaul, another in Spain, without anybody thinking whether it was a corruption or not, and still more without thinking of what was going on in the other province. The different Romance languages were pretty well formed before any one knew that they were anything but vulgar Latin. It was not till the written Latin and the spoken "Roman" had become mutually unintelligible that anybody was likely to trouble himself about the matter. We should like to know what were Count Nithard's exact feelings when he copied down, sound for sound, the words of the oath taken by Charles the Bald's army, in that wonderful form, no longer Latin, but not as yet French. Did he look upon it as a sort of joke, as we do now-a-days on a piece of Yorkshire or Somerset language? And again, did this odd jargon which he quotes, or the Latin in which he writes, best represent the daily speech of educated men who did not speak Teutonic? We know absolutely nothing about it. If we had any means of knowing, the process itself would have been almost impossible. It seems to be almost necessary to the growth of a language that it should grow unconsciously. Had a "Dictionary of Gallicisms" been conceivable in Nithard's time, the French language could hardly have come into being. It would have remained Latin—Latin probably of most execrable badness, but still Latin, and not another language.

The old unconscious changes of languages seem always to follow some certain law. Why does a German regularly and consistently sound *z* where an Englishman sounds *t*? Why does

* *Dictionary of Americanisms*. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. Boston. 1859.

an Italian no less regularly and consistently change *l* in a well-known class of words into *i*? No man can say why it was—we can only mark the universal fact. Why, again, did the Romance languages adopt a certain set of Teutonic words, and reject others which might have seemed no less obvious? This question might perhaps be more easily answered than the other; but the process was anyhow unconscious and unrecorded, and it seems to have followed some sort of general law working alike in Gaul, Spain, and Italy. But changes now-a-days follow no certain law. They seem to be the result of accident or individual caprice, and somebody is sure to note them down as innovations. Again, we innovate by introducing new words and new senses of words, but very little, if at all, in the way of syntax, or forms of words. The penny-a-liner "alludes to an individual" where a straightforward Englishman "speaks of a man," but he does not venture to give his verb or his noun any inflexion or regimen different from that of the mother-tongue. It does not seem possible that a widely diffused literary language, like French or English, can ever undergo the same sort of changes which created the one out of Latin, the other out of Anglo-Saxon—or as those which wrought the difference between Anglo-Saxon and old High-Dutch—or, again, as those which formed Latin and Teutonic alike out of the stock common to all the Arian nations.

Our own language has had two great migrations. In the fifth century it crossed the German Ocean—in the sixteenth it crossed the Atlantic. The interval between the two migrations produced a new language. It would have done so had the Normans never come to give us a new vocabulary. Without Norman help we should have lost our inflexions, just as our Low-Dutch and Scandinavian brethren have done. Now, will there ever grow up an American language formed out of English, as there has done an English language formed out of Anglo-Saxon? We answer, No. The thing is impossible in a talking, writing, reading age, where everything that everybody does is at once recorded all over the world. *Shakespeare* and the English Bible—to say nothing of the *Times* and the *New York Tribune*—will effectually hinder any such creation. England and America seem engaged in a race which can write and talk the worst English. Luckily, America is a good deal ahead; but still America is as little likely as England to introduce changes which will really change English into another language. It is hard to find a name for the sort of difference between what we may call standard English and English in its American form. We can hardly call it a dialect—the divergence is not yet sufficiently wide. And, again, the mode of formation is different. The difference between two dialects of the same language arises in the same gradual, unconscious way as the difference between two languages of the same family, only that the gap is less wide in one case than the other. As American-English is not a separate language, neither is it a separate dialect. The difference is of a kind which could hardly have sprung up in any other age, but which is the natural result of the circumstances of our own.

If we run along a few pages of Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary, or read through his very sensible and well-written preface, we shall find that the differences which he mentions easily resolve themselves into a few marked classes. We have first what we may call legitimate dialectic differences—real steps towards the formation of a separate language. These are of two sorts. First, it always happens, in the language of a colony, that some words or phrases are retained in the colony which are lost, or at least become less usual, in the mother-country. Thus "fall" for "autumn," and "bottom" for "valley," are perfectly good English words, and are not yet quite obsolete in England, but still they are clearly far less in vogue here than they are in America. Secondly, a new people in a new country makes, because it wants, many new words. The circumstances of the United States have given birth to many new words, some made from Old English roots, others borrowed from other languages. These two processes are both of them perfectly natural, legitimate, and unavoidable. They must take place at every separation of kindred races. The Low-German settlers in Britain retained some words which have been lost in the Continental dialects, made some new formations for themselves, and borrowed some others from Latin and Welsh. Were England and the United States as completely cut off from each other as were the Continental and the insular Teutons, these two processes alone might gradually produce a genuine difference of dialect, if not of language. In an age of books, newspapers, travellers, *Great Easterns*, and Atlantic cables it cannot be. These two legitimate processes are both recognisable enough, but they contribute only a small proportion of Mr. Bartlett's collection of Americanisms.

The fact is that the great mass of Mr. Bartlett's collection are really instances of what we call *slang*. They are not formed by any such legitimate process as the two classes just mentioned. Now, slang is anything but peculiar to America—we have indeed in Old England quite enough and to spare. But there seems to be this difference—that in America slang gets a more recognised place in the language, and finds its way into compositions, both spoken and written, into which it does not find its way in England. Again, the same social causes which bring mere slang to the surface, and give it an abiding place in the language, have a tendency to do the same with two other kinds of corruptions. There are mere barbarisms—mere cases of bad English; and there are more wilful corruptions—needless innovations, introduced without reason and formed according to no analogy.

There is also a still greater tendency than at home to the sin of fine writing, and to the use of Latin words rather than Teutonic. But when the Latin word really exists in the English tongue, this is rather a fault of style than a difference of language.

In fact all our last group of Americanisms come under this same head. It is not a real legitimate difference of language or dialect—it is simply that English is badly written. When an American writes well, his language does not differ from that of an Englishman. If he has sense enough and education enough to abstain both from the slang of mere vulgarism and from the slang of fine writing, what we have called the legitimate sources of difference will come into play so seldom as hardly to be felt at all. It is very seldom indeed that such a writer as Mr. Prescott, for instance, suggests the remembrance that he was not a native of England. We have no reason to suppose that he, or any other good American writer, consciously Anglicizes. They merely write well and simply, and consequently write just like an Englishman who writes well and simply. The main difference, after all, is that, fearfully great as is the proportion of bad writers in England, it is greater still in America.

Most of these classes are very well pointed out by Mr. Bartlett, from whose introduction we will make two or three extracts:—

The greatest perversions of the English language arise from two opposite causes. One of them is the introduction of vulgarisms by uneducated people, who, not having the command of proper words to express their ideas, invent others for the purpose. These words continue among this class, are transmitted by them to their children, and thus become permanent and provincial. They are next seized upon by stump-speakers at political meetings, because they are popular with the masses. Next we hear them on the floor of Congress and in our halls of legislation. Quoted by the newspapers, they become familiar to all, and take their places in the colloquial language of the whole people. Lexicographers now secure them, and give them a place in their dictionaries; and thus they are firmly engrafted on our language. The study of lexicography will show that this process has long been going on in England, and doubtless other languages are subject to similar influences.

But the greatest injury to our language arises from the perversion of legitimate words, and the invention of hybrid and other inadmissible expressions by educated men, and particularly by the clergy. This class is the one, above all others, which ought to be the conservators rather than the perverters of language. It is nevertheless a fact which cannot be denied that many strange and barbarous words to which our ears are gradually becoming familiar owe to them their origin and introduction; among them may be mentioned such verbs as *to fellowship*, *to difficult*, *to eventuate*, *to doxologize*, *to happily*, *to donate*, *to funeralize*, &c. &c.

Strangely-formed facetious words are much affected at the West—*abskize*, *absquatulate*, *catawampously*, *exflunctify*, *obscute*, *slantendicular*, &c. &c.; and in the South such onomatopoeas as *keslosh*, *kesouse*, *keswollop*, *keswollur*, &c. . . . The class of new words and new meanings of old words which owe their origin to circumstances or productions peculiar to the United States, such as *ark*, *backwoods*, *backwoodsmen*, *breadstuffs*, *barrens*, *blaze bottoms*, *broaddown*, *buffalo-robe*, *cane-brake*, *cyypress-brake*, *clearing*, *corn-broom*, *corn-shucking*, *deadening*, *diggings*, *dug-out*, *flat-brat*, *hog-wallow*, *husking*, *location*, *pine-barrens*, *prairie*, *preemption*, *reservation*, *salt-lick*, *savannah*, *snag*, *sawyer*, *squatter*, &c., are necessary additions to the language.

The metaphorical and other odd expressions used first at the West, and afterwards in other parts of the country, often originate in some curious anecdote or event, which is transmitted from mouth to mouth, and soon made the property of all. Political writers and stump-speakers perform a prominent part in the invention and diffusion of these phrases. Among these may be mentioned—to *case in*, to *acknowledge the corn*, to *flash in the pan*, to *bark up the wrong tree*, to *wake up the wrong passenger*, to *pull up stakes*, to be a *caution*, to *fizzle out*, to *flat out*, to *fix his flint*, to be *among the missing*, to *give him Jessy*, to *see the elephant*, to *fly around*, to *spread oneself*, to *tucker out*, to *use up*, to *walk into*, to *cotton*, to *hifer*, to *chisel*, to *slope*, to *lobby*, to *gerrymander*, to *splurge*, &c. &c.

Our people, particularly those who belong to the West and South, are fond of using intensive and extravagant epithets, both as adjectives and adverbs; as, *awful*, *powerful*, *monstrous*, *dreadful*, *mighty*, *almighty*, *all-fired*, &c.; while euphemistic oaths are one of the characteristics of the Yankee dialect.

The words *bankable*, *boatable*, *dutiable*, *mailable*, *mileage*, are well-formed and useful terms, which have been generally adopted by those who have occasion to make use of them. But the words *dubersome*, *disremember*, *deccent*, *docity*, and the like, can hardly be called necessary additions to our language.

But the finest specimen of all is to come:—

Among some of the Western people there are strange ideas regarding the use of certain words, which had led the mock-modest to reject them and substitute others. Thus, to speak of the names of animals only, the essentially English word *bull* is refined beyond the mountains, and perhaps elsewhere, into *cow-creature*, *male-cow*, and even *gentleman-cow*! A friend who resided many years in the West, has told me of an incident where a grey-headed man of sixty doffed his hat reverently, and apologized to a clergyman for having used inadvertently in his hearing the plain Saxon term.

Now, will anybody explain this marvel? Why is it in some cases improper to mention the female, in others the male? We may not mention a bull. Mr. Bartlett does not tell us if John Bull himself, beyond the Atlantic, becomes John Gentleman-Cow. If we may not speak of a bull, may we speak of a "mare?" And under the cover of what periphrasis may we allude to the existence of female specimens of the most familiar of all quadrupeds?

Sorry we are to confess it, but there can be no doubt that, both in America and in England, the greatest foes to good English are the newspapers. We should have thought that good, plain, Teutonic English, straightforwardly calling a spade a spade, ought to take with "the masses," "the million," or whatever is the slang translation of *Δῆμος*. And so we believe it does most thoroughly whenever *Demos* can get it. But it is very seldom that *Demos* can get it. He is encompassed by a thick wall of Paphlagonians, each of whom thinks himself the more eloquent the more his talk or his article departs from the plain mother tongue. How often was our army "decimated" in all the papers in that fearful Crimean winter? What did the penny-a-liners

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mean by it? Did one man or nine men die out of every ten? Or did they mean nothing in particular, except that it was a hard word and sounded fine? What, again, is an "agrarian outrage?" Does it mean killing a man in a field? If so, why not say so? Why, again, should all new institutions have such odd, un-English names? Why should we, when we die, be buried in "cemeteries," instead of churchyards, graveyards, burying-grounds, like our forefathers? Why is every new school a "college," a "collegiate institution," and its head a "principal?" Then we have "operatives," "assistants," "remuneration," a cook's "situation," a "stipendiary magistrate"—the whole crowd of euphemisms come pressing on us. We have Greek names coined by people who cannot spell—toxophilite societies and orthopedic hospitals. If we go to church, we see an English Bible and Prayer Book in the reading desk, with a reverend gentleman above ready to translate them into a species of Romance not dealt with in the essay of Sir Cornwall Lewis, but which sounds very much like the style of the county newspaper. Why did Zacchæus, do our readers suppose, get into the sycamore tree? We heard, not many Sundays ago, that it was "to escape the pressure of external impediments." This was, of course, by way of making the plain tale in the book more easily "understood of the people." If so, we think that a much better way and means thereto was hit upon by an old Devonshire parson, who used to tell his flock, in their own mother tongue, that "her climmed up into a zycamore dree vor to zimmun."

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